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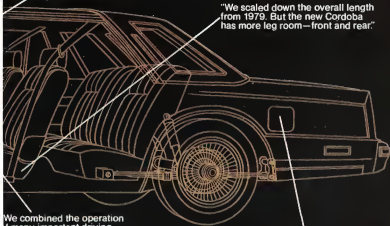


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As representatives of a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we want everyone to understand the reasons why people who live in cities pay higher auto insurance premiums than suburban or rural residents.

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The large number of people driving within a relatively small area increases the likelihood of something unfortunate happening to you or your car. For example, motorists driving in the Manhattan borough of New York City experienced 41% more accidents per thousand drivers in 1977, compared to their counterparts in suburban areas.

Higher Repair Costs

Should your car be involved in a mishap, it will, on the average, cost you more to repair. In cities, the higher cost of commercial space and the higher wages paid to skilled labor result in increased overhead for the auto repair industry, as for most businesses.

Greater Risk

The crime problems associated with densely populated areas increase the risk of your car being vandalized or stolen. To cover this greater loss potential, insurance companies must charge higher premiums.

Some people think this practice is unfair. We disagree. We believe people with lower exposure to loss should not have to subsidize those with higher exposure to loss. Of course, where you live is only one of the many factors that determine the cost of your auto insurance. But it is a factor that can be accurately measured through the accident claims experience of drivers.

Working together, we believe we can keep the costs of auto insurance fairly distributed—and affordable.

Here's what we're doing to keep costs down:

- Reassessing the loss potential of geographical areas
- Investigating repair claims more thoroughly
- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash-resistant and highways safer
- Distributing the administrative costs of providing insurance more evenly among rural and urban dwellers
- Supporting the National Automobile Theft Bureau, which is working to reduce auto thefts and to advise on theft prevention

Here's what you can do:

- Ask your agent about discounts that may be available
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Bill Eppridge, whose photographs of Canada's new wilderness road, the Dempster Highway, accompany Robert F. Jones' article beginning on page 76, was once described by an awe-struck associate as "an amasser." Eppridge cheerfully admits, "I'm a gadget freak. I can't walk into a hardware or sporting-goods store without wanting to buy one of everything there." In preparation for the 920-mile round trip through some of the toughest Arctic terrain in North America, Eppridge amassed, among other things: enough dry flies to catch every grayling in the North Country; an all-weather, fast-pitching tent ("The bugs up there are fierce, and the quicker you get the tent up, the less blood you lose"); a short-barreled, pump-action, 12-gauge shotgun ("I've heard some horrendous bear stories"); and a tire-patching kit ("The Dempster eats tires like so much popcorn"). Also, tools and hardware sufficient to rebuild a totally fractured truck. He also amassed a magnificent portfolio of "snaps," as he lightly characterizes his photos, of some of the most bleakly beautiful country in the world.

Mean turf and dangerous assignments are nothing new to Epp. Born in Buenos Aires and a 1961 graduate of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism, he joined the staff of the old *LIFE* magazine in 1965 and immediately established a reputation for fearlessness. Following his memorable photo essay on *The Panic in Needle Park*, about the heroin drought on Manhattan's upper West Side, he went to Vietnam in late 1965, shooting combat "snaps" around Danang, Phu Bai and Hue—Marine Corps territory. "They were the only guys I'd go out with," he



JONES, EPPRIDGE AND A FLAT TIRE

says. Upheavals in Panama and in the Dominican Republic (where a sniper took a shot at him); insurrection in Nicaragua; 3½ months' worth of wild horses of the Mountain West; and Robert Kennedy's assassination—all this came to sharp focus through Epp's lens.

Ironically, his only bad on-the-job injury occurred during a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* assignment last year. In San Francisco to photograph the Artists' Soap Box Derby (SI, July 23), he was blind-sided by one of the outré racers. "It

did the final number on my right knee," he says. "I'd been courting knee trouble all my life, running down hills and riding motorcycles. Four years ago, on Mulholland Drive in Los Angeles, I hit a deer on my Yamaha 350 RD. Busted up my shoulder and a lot of other things. Earlier last year I'd been in Kenya for SI, shooting a story on the state of the game. Bouncing around in a safari wagon, standing up to shoot through the roof hatch, I gave the old knee cartilage a bit too much to handle, and the soap-boxer did it in. I never saw the thing—if I had, I'd either have snapped it or jumped out of the way." The accident laid him up for three months.

Fortunately, he had plenty of toys at home to play with—his Flyshooter, for example. "I found it when I was poking around the Lou Brock Sports Shop at the St. Louis airport," he says. "It's a spring-loaded flyswatter that fires a plastic, perforated plate. You stomp up to the fly and—splat! It would have been great," he says wistfully, "on those mosquitoes in the Arctic."

Robert F. Jones



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Born Free—003

1978 Olympic
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Sideline

by JIM KAPLAN

TIREO OF THE SAME OLD ROUTINE? TRY THE 'NEW GAMES' APPROACH TO PLAY

If you've never heard of the New Games Foundation, you're missing one of the best things that ever happened to recreation. Armed with the slogan "play hard, play fair, nobody hurt," a group of young San Franciscans created the Foundation in 1974 (SI, Jan. 7, 1974). Its purpose is "to foster and communicate a style of play encouraging participation, community and creativity... playing for the fun of it." The movement gathered force, and last year NGF workshops in 44 cities were teaching people of assorted ages and cultural backgrounds how to experience the joys of pure play—and how to pass that enjoyment along to others.

Those who call New Games a vague alternative to big-money competitive sport—cooperation instead of competition—don't quite get the point. A New Games game can be very competitive. The difference is that it encourages participation by all. In Earthball, which is pictured on the cover of the *New Games Resource Catalog*, teams struggle to push a large canvas replica of the planet across goal lines. But, nearing their objective, players on the dominant team often switch sides to keep the game going. In New Games, everyone is ultimately on the same side.

New Games is built on a firm philosophical basis, as the catalog graphically demonstrates. The leaflet contains reviews of relevant books and excerpts from 25 articles from the indispensable *New Games Book* itself, including the study of play, children's games, street games, name and theater. If the *New Games Book* and catalog pose any threat to the reader, it's the possibility of getting so wrapped up in them that one forgets to get up and play. And playing is indeed important.

In his book *Homo Ludens*, John Huizinga argues that religion, law, culture and other important forces in civilization began as play. Our concept of "progress," he implies, minimizes play's value. "As civilization becomes more complex... and as social life itself becomes more finely organized, the old cultural soil is gradually smothered under a mask layer of ideas, doctrines, rules and regulations, moralities and conventions which have lost all touch with play. Civilization... has grown more serious; it assigns only a secondary place to playing."

Children's Games in Street and Playground by Iona and Peter Opie has a contrasting view of children and their games: "When children play a game in the street they continued



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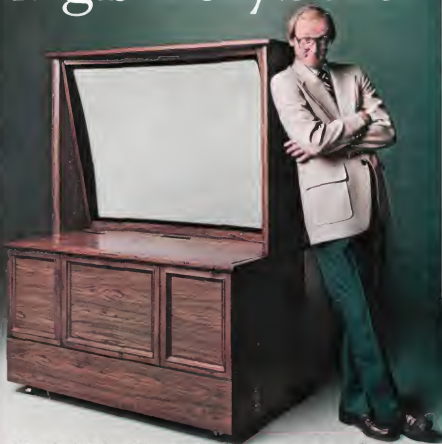
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are often extraordinarily naive or, according to viewpoint, highly civilized. They seldom need an umpire, they rarely trouble to keep scores, little significance is attached to who wins or loses, they do not require the stimulus of prizes, it does not seem to worry them if a game is not finished."

The message is clear: society either attaches too little significance to games or ruins them with codification and regulation. Better to stop thinking so much and play as children do—in a childlike, but not childish, fashion.

So let's play. Moving from theory to execution, the New Games Resource Catalog suggests new games and offers new ways of playing old ones. If you favor low-cost, non-competitive racket sports, look in the Playing with Equipment section to see how to construct a racket out of a coat hanger, a nylon stocking and tape. There are at least eight different games for this instant racket, suggested by Peter H. Werner and Richard A. Simmons, authors of *Inexpensive Physical Education Equipment for Children*.

What about a nonviolent form of Rock/Paper/Scissors? In the original, we display either a closed fist (rock), open palm (paper) or two fingers (scissors). The order of one-upmanship goes thusly: rock crushes scissors, cuts paper wraps around rock—sometimes painfully. In the New Games version, two teams huddle to decide on symbols, face each other across a line and call out their symbol. The team that selects the winning symbol chases the losing team, trying to tag as many members as possible before they reach a free zone. The losers are not eliminated—they join the winners.

Transformed volleyball? The solution is simple: rotation. Players rotate as they do in the standard game, only from team to team instead of within a team. Accordingly, winning is less important than playing.

Not every game, of course, can be detailed in this catalog format. For reasonable mail-order prices, one can purchase Frisbee tips from the masters and an instructional on the same—yes, simple—art of juggling. New Games equipment includes, among other things, bouncing, foam-rubber All Balls and parachutes, which open up an endless variety of games.

Another section called the Play Connection lists five sister organizations from Connecticut to California that help New Games bring play to the people. A stay-at-home play connection is the unrelated *Games Magazine*, an excellent bimonthly compendium of puzzles, crosswords, mazes, quizzes, reviews of new games and books, and columns on such old games as chess, backgammon and bridge.

To obtain a free copy of the catalog—or to suggest items for a future one—write the New Games Resource Catalog, P.O. Box 7901, San Francisco, Calif. 94120. Then get to work. play.

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Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

AND HOWE

When Gordie Howe came out of retirement in 1973 to play alongside his two sons in the upstart World Hockey Association, the word in the National Hockey League was that his return to action was one big publicity stunt. Howe had ended his brilliant 25-year NHL career two years before, had been whisked into the Hockey Hall of Fame and had no business, or so it was said, being on the ice at the ripe age of 45. Howe defiantly proceeded to score 174 goals in six seasons in the WHA, and because of the merger between the two leagues, now finds himself back in the NHL at the even riper age of 51. And if he sticks around until Jan. 1, he will have played in the NHL in five decades—the '40s, '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s.

Howe says he has every intention of making it to January—and beyond. Wobbly during training camp and complaining of dizzy spells, the old man was saddened when his team, the Hartford Whalers, shunted his son Marty to the minors. But another son, Mark, plays on the Whalers, and when the season began two weeks ago, Gordie was out there, too, taking a regular shift and appearing on power plays. Still a tough man to budge in front of the net, he has scored two goals in the Whalers' first six games, swelling his NHL total to 788, 107 more than anybody else has scored in league history. Meanwhile, the very NHLers who accused him of engaging in a publicity stunt six years ago have been eagerly promoting his return to the league. And a happy return it has been. Five of the Whalers' first six games were on the road, and the fans at each stop greeted the great man with a standing ovation.

FEELING IS BELIEVING

Tailback Kelly Ellis was a big star at West High School in Waterloo, Iowa, but because he was only 5'7", major football schools weren't interested in him. Now a junior at the University of Northern Iowa, Ellis admits that being

short is a handicap for a runner, even in small-college competition. "When I go behind my blockers, I can't see where the holes are," he says. "It's like running blind sometimes." Which raises the question of how Ellis, carrying 40 times in a 38-25 win over Western Illinois two weeks ago, managed to gain an NCAA-record 382 yards. Nothing to it, says Ellis. Noting that in the Panther offense the fullback usually leads the blocking, he says, "I put my left hand on his back and follow him. When I feel him cut left, I cut right."

A RUN OF BAD LUCK IN RENO

Steve Hinton, the nation's leading air-race pilot, was discharged the other day from the Reno hospital in which he had been recuperating from serious injuries suffered when his modified P-51 Mustang, the *Red Baron*, crashed Sept. 16. The accident occurred at the Reno Air Races, the sport's biggest event, which claimed the lives of two pilots last year when their World War II-era AT-6 trainers collided in full view of spectators. And several days before Hinton's accident, the pilot of a home-built midget plane died in another crash.

The accidents at Reno have come at a time when, thanks largely to Hinton, air racing's prospects had appeared to be brightening. Piloting the *Red Baron* in the Unlimited Class (consisting of souped-up World War II fighters), Hinton had dominated the race circuit, which also includes major events at Mojave, Calif., and Miami, and last August he set a world speed record of 499 mph for piston-engine planes. In recognition of his star quality, Michelob Light recently took over sponsorship of the *Red Baron*, giving air racing one of its few major promotional tie-ins.

But all that was before the *Red Baron*'s engine blew just as Hinton was finishing his final flight around the 45-foot-high pylons that delineate Reno's nine-mile desert course. The *Red Baron* was destroyed in the ensuing crash, and Hinton

broke his back, left ankle and right knee. Although now on the mend, Hinton says he is unsure whether he will return to the sport, an uncertainty shared by Michelob Light. A brewery spokesman says, "I'd like to say it's all up in the air, but that may not be the best way to put it."

BOWLED UNDER

The news out of Fresno, Calif., was intriguing. Assuming that construction of Fresno State University's new 30,000-seat stadium could be completed in time, a college football bowl game would be held there starting in 1980 between champions of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association and the Mid-American Conference. But what would the new bowl be called? Organizers seemed to rule out such obvious names as the California



Bowl, in honor of the host state, or the Raisin Bowl, reflecting Fresno's self-proclaimed status as The Raisin Capital of the World. Instead, they invited the public to take part in a "Name the Bowl Game" contest.

The much-ballyhooed contest raised expectations that college football's newest postseason classic would receive an evocative, maybe even a daring, name. The Diabowl (for the Diablo mountain range nearby)? The Wink Chase Bowl (for the game's executive director)? The 200 Miles North of the Rose Bowl Bowl? The Why Were We Left Out of the Poll Bowl (because PCAA and Mid-American champions are not usually nationally ranked)? Well, the contest is over now, and if the 1,003 entries contained any

continued

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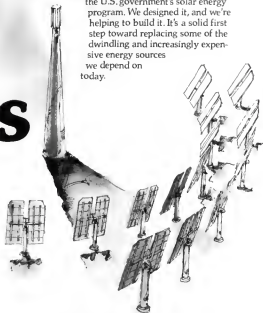


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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



such exotic nominees, they got nowhere. The judges selected—ah, yes—the California Bowl. Wanna bet Reason Bowl was the first runner-up?

PUTTING FIRST THINGS FIRST

If track and field fans ever agreed on anything, it was that teen-age shotput phenom Michael Carter should stay away from football until after the 1980 Olympics (SI, July 2). The fear was that Carter, who was recruited by SMU in both football and track, might hurt himself on the gridiron and impair his chances for a gold medal at Moscow. Such trepidations only increased when Carter, who had tossed the 12-pound shot 81' 3/8", a staggering nine feet farther than the previous world record for the 18-and-under age group, suffered carnage damage in his left knee last summer while lifting weights during shotput training.

Nevertheless, Carter reported for football at SMU and won a starting job at defensive tackle. He promptly banged up his ailing knee in the season opener against Rice, which forced him to miss the Texas Christian game. After taking pain-killers, Carter played briefly against North Texas State and Tulane, but two weeks ago underwent what was described as relatively minor arthroscopic surgery at Baylor Hospital. Carter says he has learned his lesson. Rather than risk further injury in football, he will make no effort to return to the game this season. Instead, he will now devote himself exclusively to the shotput.

Carter expects to start running next week, but it is too soon to tell how his injury might affect his Olympic chances. In any case, he blames only himself. He says Mustang coaches gave him the option of skipping football until the Olympics were over but that he decided to play because he enjoys the game. "I know I'm going to hurt it from all the track people now," he says, "but I was doing what I wanted to do."

MULTIPLE BITES

To businessmen who operate in different parts of the country, the welter of conflicting state and municipal tax laws can be bewildering. Although members of pro sports teams travel from state to state to earn a living, they haven't had to worry much about local tax men putting the bite on them.

Now, because of the rising salaries of those athletes, the situation appears to be

changing. Recently California, Minnesota and the city of Cleveland have begun holding visiting players liable for taxes on personal income earned within their respective borders, and tax collectors elsewhere are expected to follow suit. As Jeff Causen, statewide withholding coordinator for the California Franchise Tax Board, says, "Our authority to tax out-of-state athletes has always been there, but as a practical matter we didn't do it. Now we're getting more aggressive."

California's aggressiveness is partly explained by the fact that it boasts more big league franchises than any other state, and thus has more teams coming into the state on road trips. Last spring, at California's request, major league baseball clubs in other states began withholding California personal income taxes from player paychecks. And California authorities are "studying the possibility" of asking NFL and NBA clubs to do the same.

As interpreted by California officials, visiting ballplayers are subject to California personal income tax for all "duty days" spent in the state, a term that covers layovers as well as game days. A typical National League ballplayer might log 180 duty days during the year, with perhaps 18 of them in California, and if he draws, say, a \$300,000 salary, roughly \$30,000 would be considered California income. Under California's maximum personal income tax rate of 11%, the state's take, after exemptions, could be as much as \$2,000. The player presumably would be entitled to claim a corresponding tax credit in his home state, which might be tempted to recoup such losses by taxing visiting athletes, too. As the shadow of multiple taxation spreads across the playing fields, New England Patriot Business Manager Jim Valek says, "This is crazy. We'll need 15 CPAs to keep everything straight."

EYE TO EYE TO EYE

The Associated Press and United Press International college football polls have arrived at different national champions seven times in the past quarter century, including last season, when they chose Alabama and Southern Cal, respectively. In view of their frequent differences, it is noteworthy that in 1964 the rival polls actually managed to see eye to eye on their final rankings through the first ten places. Last week, even more strikingly, the polls agreed on the first 13 places in the weekly rankings: Alabama, Texas,

Nebraska, USC, Houston, Ohio State, Florida State, Oklahoma, Notre Dame, Arkansas, Michigan, Washington and Brigham Young. And mercifully, not a peep was heard from either Auburn, the AP's choice, or Pittsburgh, the UPI's pick, about which of them really was the nation's 14th-best team.

But just as the two existing major polls were enjoying a rare moment of accord, along came *The New York Times* to cloud the picture by introducing its own weekly rankings. The *Times* said its Top 20 list would be determined not by a poll of experts but by calculations of an IBM 370 computer involving win-loss records, margin of victory and quality of opposition. Because gauging quality of opposition presumably will require at least some subjective judgments, the computerized rankings can't be quite as scientific as the *Times* implies. Still, any serious effort to take into account the toughness of a team's schedule, something the AP and UPI polls often seem to treat lightly, is welcome.

The *Times'* inaugural rankings had Alabama, Texas and Nebraska as the top three teams, but thereafter abruptly parted company with the wire-service polls, listing Florida State as No. 4. The most startling difference, however, was that Houston, which occupied the fifth spot on both the AP and UPI polls, was 18th on the *Times'* list—because of a relatively weak schedule.

THEY SAID IT

- Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh Steeler quarterback, after nine turnovers helped Cincinnati upset the Steelers 34-10: "I just know the dog's going to bite me when I get home."
- Rocky Bridges, manager of the Pacific Coast League's Phoenix Giants, on his rural Idaho home: "I live so far out in the sticks that when I want to go hunting I walk toward town."
- Jack Elway, San Jose State football coach, on the effect that college life is having on his son John, who is starring at quarterback at Stanford as a freshman: "I really don't see that many changes in him so far. Hell, he never did take out the garbage."
- Hattie Walker, about the possibility that her grandson, Notre Dame's Vagas Ferguson, whom she raised, might win the Heisman Trophy: "I don't have room for it. It'd just be something else I'd have to dust."

END

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FIAT

SEEMS THE MORE YOU DRIVE IT, THE BETTER IT GETS.

RUSH HOUR IN THE



BIG APPLE

A great, jostling horde of 11,553 started the New York Marathon, but, for the fourth straight year, Bill Rodgers was all by himself at the finish **by SARAH PILEGGI**



The New York City Marathon got under way last Sunday eight seconds before the starting cannon was fired. As the countdown to the gun began, an uncontrollable flood of humanity surged over the starting line on the Staten Island end of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, leaving four runners standing in place like rocks in the torrent—Bill Rodgers, Ron Hill, Jon Anderson and Kenny Moore. Friends on the sideline called to Anderson to begin, but he shook his head. Moore thought to himself, "Damn it, call them back." Hill said later, "I simply was going to start my run at the appointed time and had anyone who had sprinted out won, I would have protested."

When the cannon did go off and the race officially began, Rodgers, intent on the job at hand, began to pick his way through the huge, wobbling, lurching field from 150 yards back, demonstrating to every gun jumper he passed that, though bad sports may not finish last, they sure as hell were not going to finish first, not in this race.

The vehicles carrying representatives of the press and race officials, which preceded the runners, had been caught off guard by the surge and within seconds were engulfed and virtually immobilized. Frank Shorter, running between two of the vans, came perilously close to being crushed as harried drivers tried to maneuver through the mob.

No one in the mass of 11,553 runners, the largest field in the history of the race, bothered to look left for the view of the Manhattan skyline across New York Harbor that is supposed to make all those months of training worthwhile. Survival was the issue.

By the two-mile mark, where the bridge disgorges its traffic onto the streets of Brooklyn, the fearful starting mess had finally sorted itself out, miraculously with no injuries to show for the confusion, and everyone settled down to running for the finish, not their lives. Kevin Shaw of South Africa took the lead soon after the bridge. Behind him was a small pack, led by Benji Durden of Atlanta, that included Kirk Pfeiffer and Steve Floto, both from Colorado, Zakaria Barie from Tanzania and Shorter, the 1972 Olympic champion, again in racing shape after a long, difficult recovery from surgery performed on his left foot in 1978.

If ever the long-awaited head-to-head marathon battle between Shorter and

Rodgers was going to happen, this year's New York race seemed the time and the place. Shorter was apparently close to his old form, which enabled him to win nine of 10 marathons he entered during one stretch in the early 1970s, and Rodgers seemed somewhat less invincible than he had been for the past three years. After his 2:09:27 triumph in Boston in April, Rodgers went into what looked suspiciously like a slump that reached its nadir when he finished 15th at the World Cup Marathon in Montreal in August. "Just wait till the fall," said Rodgers then. "The fall is when I get serious." Still, some folks thought his nearly weekly schedule of races may have taken too great a toll.

Also favoring a close Rodgers-Shorter battle was the weather. Rodgers hates heat; Shorter hates cold. Rodgers sweats like a skinny pig if the temperature is over 60°; Shorter cannot get warmed up if it is below that. Weather that is right for one is usually entirely wrong for the other. But Sunday in New York dawned cool and foggy, and at 10:30 a.m., race time, the temperature was still only 64°.

As events in Brooklyn started to take shape, however, it appeared the match race would be postponed again. Shaw was still leading after six miles, having run that distance in 28:52, but his sub-five-minute pace was not one he could maintain. At slightly less than eight miles, as the blue line guiding the runners crossed Flatbush Avenue and started up the long Lafayette Avenue hill under an arch of autumn-leaved trees, Pfeiffer, a lanky 21-year-old graduate of the University of Colorado, took over.

Cryptic messages on homemade banners spanned Bedford Avenue as the leaders passed through Bedford-Stuyvesant. FIRE FIGHTERS RUN IN HEAT said one of them. At 10 miles Pfeiffer was still extending his lead. His time as he entered Williamsburgh was 48:21, but the pious Hasidim on the sidewalks, somber of dress and demeanor, only stared as the tall, thin blond streaked through their later-day shred.

As he ran through Greenpoint, where signs in Polish shop windows still welcomed Pope John Paul II, and over the Pulaski Bridge into Queens, Pfeiffer looked ever the more uncatchable. At the

Below the dispersing fog, a long column of marathoners streamed up Manhattan's First Avenue.



halfway point his time was 1:03:51, a course-record pace, and his lead was more than 400 yards. When he reached the Queensboro Bridge, which spans the East River between the industrial grit of Long Island City on the Queens side and Ozone on the other, he had built himself a 1½-minute edge.

However, going up the steep ramp of the lacy old bridge he slowed visibly, and it looked for the first time as if he might be laboring. The sun broke through as he approached the Manhattan side, where spectators holding balloons and drinking Bloody Marys waved at him from the terraces of \$1,000-a-month apartments. Coming off the bridge into the warm embrace of the huge cheering crowds lining First Avenue, Pfeffer maintained his lead, but finally, behind him, Rodgers was beginning to make things happen.

Rodgers had teamed up at the two-mile mark with the English middle-distance runner, Steve Kenyon, and the two had worked their way through the field together. "Steve had a watch and we paced each other," said Rodgers later. "He knew many of the European guys, so he could identify them for me. He'd point and say, 'That's so-and-so,' and tell me what he'd done in races, and then we'd pick them off, one at a time."

In this almost cruelly efficient manner, Rodgers made his way through the crowd until finally, at the 21-mile mark, in the Bronx, he saw Pfeffer. "I didn't even know he was in the race until 15 miles," said Rodgers.

Coming back into Manhattan and down Fifth Avenue and through Harlem, Pfeffer was tired and looking it, while Rodgers, his blond hair dark with sweat and his right arm characteristically flailing, drew ever closer. In Central Park, at 23.9 miles, Rodgers finally passed Pfeffer and cruised in from there for his fourth consecutive victory in the race.

"When I caught him I stayed with him for a bit," said Rodgers. "He was tired. When I reached him, it took him a while just to turn his head and look at me."

Rodgers had run exactly the kind of race he wanted to run, at a pace he could maintain and still have something in reserve against heat from above or behind, neither of which materialized. He finished in 2:11:42, a minute and 33 seconds behind the course record he had set in 1976 but 1:26 ahead of the strug-



A feline fan watched some fast cats go by

gling Pfeffer, who, it turns out, had entered the race on a whim.

"I was going to run Fukuoka (Japan) in December," Pfeffer said dejectedly. "I may still. But I was lying in bed yesterday morning at home, thinking of this race, thinking, 'I can win that thing.' I felt kind of left out, you know. So I caught the first plane and was here by two in the afternoon."

Kenyon finished third, in 2:13:29, and was happy, though until he reached the finish line and saw Pfeffer for the first time, he had thought he was second. Shorter was seventh in 2:16:15, his best marathon since this race in 1976.

All of them were near the finish line, and Rodgers, at least, was cheering when Grete Waitz, the Norwegian schoolteacher who insists she has always been, is now and ever will be a track runner, not a marathoner, crossed the finish line in 2:27:33, almost five minutes faster than the world record she set last year in New York, and 11 minutes faster than any other woman in the race. Only three days earlier she had predicted, when pressed, that in a few years women would probably be able to run a 2:28 marathon. "I went out faster this year," she said. "Last year I knew absolutely nothing about marathons, so I kept back in a pack with some other girls. At about 13 miles I saw I had a 1:14, and I knew if I kept it up I might get 2:28 or 2:30. But I didn't expect 2:27."

"She's pretty outrageous," said Rodgers admiringly. "I saw her come across the line, and, well, she's inspirational."

Last year, when Waitz set her first world record in her first marathon, nobody, including the announcer at the finish line, knew who she was. This year she spent hours signing autographs whenever she went.

"I was a little disappointed Joan Benoit and the other girls did not show up here," Waitz said, referring specifically to the American record holder and winner of the 1979 Boston Marathon. "It is

not good to be afraid of me. You can't be a better runner unless you are willing to be beaten. That's how I feel. If I am beaten, I say, 'O.K., you're better than I am, but next time I try to beat you.'" For the present, it is difficult to imagine Waitz being beaten at all.

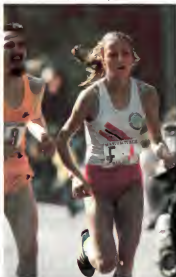
The guest of honor in Central Park, as many of the best marathon runners in the world crossed the finish line, was the greatest distance runner of all time, 57-year-old Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia. Twenty-seven years after he won the 5,000, the 10,000 and the marathon at the Helsinki Olympics, Zatopek is still brimming with life and health, a joyous figure who on seeing New York for the first time marveled aloud at everything.

"My feeling a couple of years ago, when I learned how big this race is, was that it was incredible, impossible to organize. I showed a list of last year's 10,000 finishers to people in Czechoslovakia and they said, 'No, it's some kind of trick.'"

But after witnessing the enormous spectacle, it was Zatopek who put it into perspective: "It's just good to see this running, this most natural motion, be enjoyed by so many. It's medicine. I think, good for whatever is wrong with you."

END

Waitz lowered her world-record time by 4:57



THERE'S THE DEVIL TO PAY

The heat was on at Arizona State when Coach Frank Kush was canned, baring big-time college football's seamy side

by **RON REID**

There have been many college football scandals over the years, some involving widespread subversion of the rule book. But few of them have caused as much of an uproar as the unseemly succession of events that culminated on Oct. 13 in the sacking of Arizona State Coach Frank Kush. It is a sorry epic, a kind of Cactus Horror Yahoo Show, that raises urgent—and all too familiar—questions about college football in general. Is any coach bigger than his school's athletic program? Should backers dictate policy to a university as a condition of their financial contributions? And for whose benefit is intercollegiate football played anyway?

Kush, the 50-year-old taskmaster who is at the center of the storm, compiled a 176-54-1 record during 21½ years at Arizona State and became, in the manner of successful football coaches everywhere, a folk hero in Sun Devil country. One of 15 children of a Pennsylvania coal miner, Kush made All-America as a scrappy 170-pound defensive guard on Michigan State's 1952 national champions, and as a coach he tried to instill the same combativeness in his players. He slapped helmets, kicked butts, yanked face masks, doled out punishment laps up a 500-foot hillcock known as Mount Kush and, according to what a former player, Mike Tomco, once told a reporter, stomped on players' hands. A former Arizona State player, Steve Chambers, has told *TIME*, "He's hit me with pipes,

boards and a ship's rope." Through it all, Kush said, "My job is to win football games, put people in the stadium and make money for the university."

Kush understood his job well. Because he produced winning teams that used a crowd-pleasing big-play offense, few people complained about his excesses. Certainly not the school's administration, which never publicly admonished him for his heavy-handed tactics, and certainly not the Sun Angel Foundation, a booster organization of 4,500 members, most of them well-heeled local businessmen. The organization was founded in 1946 to help put Arizona State, then a small school in a sleepy part of the country, on the map. There were some set-

backs, notably in 1959, Kush's second year as head coach, when Arizona State was placed on a two-year NCAA probation for recruiting violations involving overzealous boosters. But the Sun Devils prospered on the field, and the school is today very much on the map; as of last year it became a member of the powerful Pac-10. The Sun Angels have fueled the school's growing prowess by contributing \$2.5 million over the years to athletic scholarships and \$4.5 million toward the expansion of Sun Devil Stadium, from 33,000 to 71,000 seats. They also have frequently shown their appreciation to Kush, throwing dinners in his honor and once giving him a new station wagon.

It was in this climate of genial indul-



The Sun Devils beat Washington State Saturday night, with signs of the real battle in the stands

gence that an Arizona State punter named Kevin Rutledge began stirring up a fuss. The uproar started after Rutledge shanked a kick during a 41-7 loss to Washington last season. While this was one of the Sun Devils' lesser sins during an altogether abysmal performance, it infuriated Kush. Rutledge says that when he returned to the sideline, Kush grabbed his helmet, shook it from side to side and unloaded a punch under the face mask that caught Rutledge in the mouth. Rutledge, whom Kush never called on to punt again, also claims that Kush and two assistant coaches, William Maskill and Gary Horton, conspired to humiliate, ridicule and embarrass him in front of his teammates as part of a concerted effort to make him quit football and, thus, surrender his athletic scholarship.

Through an attorney, Robert Hing, Rutledge told all this to Arizona State's board of regents. But Kush denied the allegations, and the board rejected the player's complaint. Rutledge transferred to Nevada-Las Vegas, and on Sept. 21 filed a \$1.1 million lawsuit against Kush, the two assistant coaches, Athletic Director Fred Miller, the university and its board of regents. The next day an insurance agent in Gilbert, Ariz. owned by Kevin's father, Gordon, burned to the ground. It was listed as arson. The Rutledges then received a call from an unidentified man who said, "You just got a taste last night of what's going to happen if you don't drop this suit." Another caller threatened to shoot family members and blow up their house. The Rutledges also received menacing letters, including one filled with razor blades, and Kevin's brother, Robert, a defensive back at Gilbert High, grew fearful and began playing under an assumed name.

At first university officials said little about the suit, one of 13, as it happens, in which various members of the Rutledge family have been involved over the past decade. But then, two weeks ago, three hours before Arizona State would play Washington in Tempe, Kush unloaded a bombshell. He called a press conference and announced that he was going to be canned as football coach. "I am told the reason I am being fired is that Dr. Miller did not believe me when I denied punching Kevin Rutledge," he said. Kush added that he had taken a lie detector test, "and it proved I have been

completely truthful." Miller let Kush coach the Washington game, and in what probably ranks as a college football first he was carried onto the field by his team, which proceeded to avenge last year's rout with a 12-7 upset victory. Then Kush was carried off the field.

On Monday, in a press conference of his own, Miller elucidated the reasons for the firing, chief among them being his allegation that Kush had attempted to cover up the alleged punching of Rutledge by encouraging his players and assistants to lie, if necessary, about the matter. Two days later Miller showed reporters sworn statements from five players and five assistant coaches attesting to the existence of such a cover-up. Offensive Backfield Coach Don Baker said in his deposition, "The coach said, 'Things are getting tough. We better close the circle, and we might have to lie, steal or cheat.'" And Offensive Line Coach Bob Karmelowiec quoted Kush as saying, "We are all in this together. If I go, we all go. We have got to make sure our stories are right, the same. Don't worry about perjuring yourself." Three players, Chambers, Gary Boock and Bryan Caldwell, claimed to have seen Kush punch Rutledge.

If Miller seriously expected this accumulation of evidence to cool the passions that were building in Kush's behalf in Phoenix, he was sorely mistaken. It quickly became apparent that the majority of Arizona State fans simply wanted Kush to go on coaching their football team, regardless of what transgressions he may have committed. KEEP KUSH T-shirts suddenly appeared, as did bumper stickers reading I LOVE GOD AND FRANK KUSH, and the Arizona Republic ran a limerick by reader Jaema Gomez:

*Accusers now lurk in the bushes,
Here's hoping they fall on their
tushes;*

*For if there's a coach,
Above all reproach,*

We all know that ASU's Kush is.

For Bob Owens, whom Miller had elevated from defensive coordinator to interim head coach, last week was a nightmare. Owens' family was threatened by an anonymous caller, and his 11-year-old daughter had to be taken out of school because of cruel gibes from classmates. Just to be safe, police checked his car for bombs. Just to be safer, Owens

continued



Kush supporters showed their sentiments in posters that punched the principals' names and on T-shirts that drove the point home hard

stopped driving the car. Owens also was assigned a bodyguard, who remained at his side all week.

But it was Miller who probably received the most hate mail, obscene calls and public abuse. He was assailed by a man who could severely damage the Sun Devil athletic program if he carries out his stated intentions. The man: Harry Rosenzweig, a Phoenix jeweler and former Republican state chairman. His role: longtime president of the Sun Angel Foundation. In yet another press conference, Rosenzweig called for the firing of Miller and the reinstatement of Kush, and announced that the flow of Sun Angel money would be shut off until those demands were met.

"The executive board of the Sun Angels, people interested in sports and community leaders, cannot stand by and let this occur without violent protest to the absence of due process in this whole matter," Rosenzweig said. "We cannot anticipate the effect the removal of Frank Kush as head football coach will have on fan participation, recruitment of athletes and our financial ability to aid the university. Therefore, we are suspending plans to build the ASU golf course, and we cannot consider completion of the south end zone of the ASU Stadium, which would have brought it to \$6,000 seats. Our ability to complete payment for the latest stadium improvement has been jeopardized," Rosenzweig, who put a \$1.8 million price tag on the two suspended projects, added that Miller and

Arizona State President John Schwada had a "duty," which they had ignored, to "consult with the powers that be, including the Sun Angel Foundation, before creating this fiasco."

Arizona politicians also threatened to hit the university in its pocketbook. One state legislator, Peter Corpstein, said he told Schwada that Miller's salary and funds for the athletic department would be cut from the next state budget unless Miller got the ax. Another, Tony West, a member of the Arizona House Appropriations Committee, threatened that school officials would encounter an obstacle when they seek money next year, because, "they won't have anyone carrying their banner around here."

The Arizona State student body was notably less agitated by Kush's ouster. While the students certainly like it when the Sun Devils win, they are often less vociferous about the victories than the team's adult boosters. And the seats allocated to undergraduates, most of which are in the north end zone, indicate that Arizona State's program is more closely geared to fulfilling the wishes of the Sun Angels and other Phoenix-area businessmen, who, among them, lay claim to most of the good seats. This may explain why a pep rally the night before last Saturday's Washington State game, the first such event at Tempe in many years, was attended by no more than 100 of the school's 37,122 students. A TV newsmen covering the rally asked students their opinions of the Kush case and was told



Rutledge brought the suit that started the furor

by one them, "This school has an athletic reputation, but there are a lot of people here who take pride in their academics, too—students and professors alike. And I think what they say is true: you wouldn't get the same kind of publicity if a professor was let go. And I don't think that is too cool."

Further confusing matters for everyone was the emergence of a somewhat shadowy figure named Rick Lynch, a drag-strip operator whom Kush has accused of being a disruptive influence on his team. Lynch admitted to the Associated Press that he made loans to several Arizona State players, whose acceptance of such money would constitute a violation of NCAA rules, and he also said he had employed scores of Sun Devil players in recent years. For his part, Kush accused Lynch of marshaling the five players' allegations of a cover-up that helped Miller make up his mind to suspend the coach. Kush also claimed that Lynch, not Rutledge, was the person he was referring to when he made the statements to his assistant coaches about "closing the circle," but that they had misconstrued his meaning.

On Saturday night, playing their first game under Owens—and their first since 1957 under any coach other than Kush—the Sun Devils beat Washington State 28-7. The fans, many of whom displayed signs expressing allegiance to Kush and exhorting Miller and Lynch, went home happier than they had arrived.

But it may take more than victory on



During this season's opening practice session Kush gave John Mester some "personalized instruction."



Kush has a 21½-year record of successes—and excesses

Tight-lipped until the "cover-up": Athletic Director Miller

the football field to end the upheaval at Arizona State. Rutledge's case is pending, and Kush said last week, "Believe me, in my heart and in my mind, I did not punch Kevin Rutledge." But whatever the court decides on Rutledge's charges, there remains the inescapable conclusion that, as has happened at other schools, the people responsible for the administration of athletics at Arizona State became so carried away with their ambitions for a big-time football program that they have tarnished their school's reputation. This is boldly reflected in the fact that state legislators would even think to withhold funds from an institution of higher education over the firing of a football coach. But while such action may be deplorable, at least the legislators unquestionably have the authority to cut budgets as they see fit—and, in their wisdom, even to shut down the history and chemistry departments if they should desire to do so.

The influence wielded by the Sun Angel Foundation is another matter. A booster club is an independent organization, and it exercises only the clout that its school allows it to. Under NCAA regulations, a university is responsible for the activities of its boosters. While many of those activities—attending road games, throwing appreciation dinners and the like—are innocuous enough, it has long been clear that when booster clubs become deeply involved in recruiting or make a practice of contributing money with strings attached, rules vio-

lations and other problems can—and too often do—arise.

Examples of such violations abound. The old Pacific Coast Conference, forerunner of the Pac-10, collapsed in the 1950s when slush funds financed by booster clubs were uncovered at UCLA, Washington and Southern Cal, among other schools. A similar fund at Illinois led the Big Ten to take steps to expel that school, an effort that was halted only when Football Coach Pete Elliott and two basketball coaches resigned. Art Bergstrom, who directed the NCAA's enforcement team during that period, says, "When you encountered successful, well-organized booster clubs, it wasn't long until their members seemed to think they were running the show."

Sadly, that kind of thinking is still in vogue at schools such as Colorado, whose booster organization, the Flatirons Club, more or less took it upon itself to hire Coach Chuck Fairbanks away from the NFL Patriots, and then shelled out \$200,000 to settle a suit that New England had brought against the university. And the thinking is reflected in Harry Rosenzweig's statement that the Sun Angel club is one of the "powers that be" that Arizona State officials should have consulted before firing Kush.

If the Sun Angels have enjoyed wide latitude, so has Kush. Successful college football coaches are frequently treated almost reverentially by college administrators, the prime example, of course, having been Woody Hayes, whose ha-

bitual abuse of players, game officials and the press long went uncriticized by Ohio State's brass. And even after the university was finally forced to act, by firing Hayes after he struck an opposing player, Buckeye boosters rushed to their coach's defense, much as Sun Devil fans have now hurried to Kush's. In both instances the boosters correctly pointed out that college football coaches find themselves under enormous pressures. In neither instance did they suggest that such pressures be eased in any way, starting with those that the boosters themselves impose.

Everything considered, it was slightly astonishing that when Kush attended the Washington State game in the company of Rosenzweig, he went all but unnoticed by the fans. "I really enjoyed the view," he later said of his loge seat on the 50-yard line. "It was better than being on the sidelines." But Kush left the impression that he might just want his job back. He told reporters, "In the present situation I can't determine the fate of my coaching situation, but I wouldn't rule out the possibility of my returning."

Rather than address themselves to that possibility, Arizona State's administrators bravely tried to push the raging controversy aside. That plainly wasn't going to be easy, despite the expressed hope of President Schwada, who said, "I just want to get back to running this university." Trouble was, insofar as athletics were concerned, there was no evidence he had ever really begun. ■■■■

DID ANYONE CATCH THEIR NUMBERS?

Washington's sack-happy 'Skins decked Ron Jaworski seven times and swiped two passes in their rout of the Eagles

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

It's a strange kind of rivalry. Some say it isn't really a rivalry at all, just a case of two teams that have played a lot of games against each other. Before this season, Philadelphia and Washington had met 84 times, but so what? When did it ever mean anything? You have to go back 26 years to find a season when both of them had winning records.

Dallas-Washington, now there's something. "Nothing establishes a rivalry bet-

ter than good, clean hatred, and everyone knows how much we hate the Cowboys," said Redskin Tackle Terry Hermeling. "The Giants, that's a pretty good grudge match every time we take the field. For a while we got it going with St. Louis."

So, what about the Eagles, the team Washington had just trounced 17-7 last Sunday afternoon at RFK Stadium?

"Well, you know," said Hermeling, "we always play hard against each oth-

No. 79 for the Redskins, Ron, was Coy Bacon, who atoned for a poor early-season performance against Philadelphia by twice sacking Jaworski singlehandedly



er, but somehow it's never been the same. Maybe now...."

The smell of playoff money can create a pretty good rivalry in a hurry, and in the great desert of the NFC, Washington and Philadelphia's 6-2 records look formidable. Neither team has had a crack at 7-1 Dallas, the leader in the NFC East; even so, both look to be locks for the playoffs. The NFC's B divisions, West and Central, have only one team—Tampa Bay—with a winning record.

In preparing for the Eagles, Redskin Coach Jack Pardee resorted to an old George Allen trick to create some instant controversy. On Thursday Pardee said that the thing he was most concerned about was stopping Wilbert Montgomery, Philadelphia's fine little tailback who had killed the Redskins with 127 yards rushing in the Eagles' 27-17 win two weeks before. And the thing he was most concerned about in stopping Montgomery was the holding by the Eagles' offensive line. Holding? The Eagles? That was the first time anyone had ever heard Philadelphia identified as a holding team.

"I'm not kidding," Pardee said. "They used their hands to create a funnel for Montgomery. A defensive lineman has his elbows out, and the Philadelphia linemen create a funnel by using their hands to steer the defensive guys by their elbows. It's a very effective tactic. Montgomery doesn't need a very big seam."

When Pardee's words arrived 150 miles up I-95 in Philadelphia, Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil broke into a fine, understated rage. Vermeil is a very positive person. When he took over the Eagles in '76, he inherited a team that hadn't had a first- or second-round draft choice in three years, a team that had had only one winning season in the previous 14.

"The first thing he told us," says Offensive Tackle Stan Walters, "was that he wasn't going to start making changes and shipping guys out just to shake things up. He said there was enough material here to win with. The next thing he told us was that we were going to work our butts off. Boy, he wasn't kidding."

The Vermeil work ethic is simple: long meetings; three-hour practices; pads on Fridays, sometimes even on Saturdays; two-a-days during the exhibition season. But by 1978 the Eagles were a playoff

continued



No. 65, Ron, was Dave Butz, and No. 59 was Brad Dawek. On your back was No. 52, Neal Glickenz.



By now, Ron, the numbers were probably all too familiar, but you've got to try to hold on to the ball.



No. 68, Dennis Harrison, couldn't catch up to No. 44 big John Riggins, who rushed for 120 yards.



Jack Pardee employed a George Allen trick by inducing the Eagles' 41 holders.



a charge that prompted Dick Vermeil to question how much class Pardee has.

REDSKINS-EAGLES continued

team, and at the start of this season Philadelphia was rated as a serious threat to the Cowboys in the NFC East. Then, after beating the Giants in their opener, the Eagles lost a Monday night game to Atlanta. Afterward, Vermeil admitted that maybe he had worked his team too hard on the practice field. The Eagles' legs were shot. But they went on a five-game win streak, and there they were tied with Dallas for first place.

Vermeil had good feelings about his team before Sunday's game. He had driven himself harder than his players. He hadn't gone home the first three days of the week; he'd caught a few hours sleep on a couch in his office. On Wednesday, practice almost turned into a full-scale scrimmage, and Vermeil had to tone the intensity down a little. In the earlier victory over Washington, Philadelphia had played a near-perfect game on offense. No turnovers, no sacks, no penalties. Now the Eagles were getting charged up again. They would be ready.

So, Pardee's "holding" statements caught Vermeil, whose strongest expletive is "crummy sakes," exactly the wrong way. "I thought he had more class than that," Vermeil said. "We don't hold and we don't coach it. We blocked their butts off last time, and if we beat them again, it won't be because of holding."

"When I read what Pardee said, I went around the locker room and asked our guys how many times they had been called for holding this year," said Walters. "I counted only three holdings called on us all season, that's all."

The Redskin veterans who'd been through the George Allen era viewed this controversy with twinkling eyes. The tactic Pardee was employing is well known to poker and gin rummy players: the world over—break the other guy's concentration. "There used to be something like that every week under George," said Hermeling. "But I wasn't really wild about it going into this game. Sometimes it backfires, and the officials start looking at us extra close instead."

It turned out to be a non-issue. The Eagle offense wasn't penalized once; it was just stopped. "No 31, stop No 31 and you beat the Eagles," Washington Defensive Tackle Diron Talbert had said. "He's the key to their whole game."

No 31, Wilbert Montgomery. Program height 5' 10". But he's really an

continued

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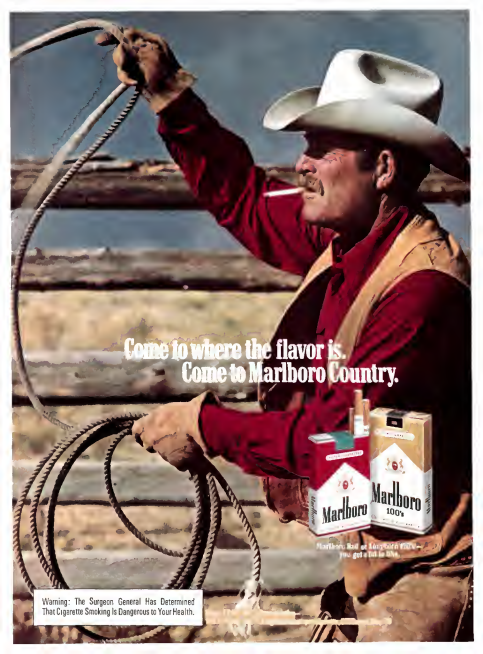
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A full-page advertisement for Marlboro Country. The background is a photograph of a cowboy in a red long-sleeved shirt, a tan vest, and a white cowboy hat. He is holding a lasso with both hands, and a cigarette is in his mouth. The setting is a dry, open landscape under a blue sky. In the lower right foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are shown: a red pack labeled 'Marlboro' and a tan pack labeled 'Marlboro 100's'.

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inch or two shorter than that. No. 31, a darting, slashing runner who's on you—and by you—before you know it. "I honestly believe that he's so short, people can't see him," says Walters. "They lose track of him. I'm not kidding."

Montgomery is the Eagles' first-down runner. In their earlier game against the Redskins, he picked up 80 of his 127 yards on first-down plays. Last Sunday he got the call on seven of Philadelphia's first 12 first-down opportunities—until the Eagles had to play catch-up and throw—and gained a net of 17 yards.

And when Montgomery can't go on first down, the whole equation breaks down for Philadelphia. The Redskins turned Vermeil's ball-control offense into a desperate third-and-long attack, against which the Redskins were able to play a muck defense and turn their pass rush loose. Washington is very vicious on third-and-long. The Redskins came into the game with 14 sacks for the season, and they had seven more against Philadelphia's Ron Jaworski on Sunday. And Jaworski, who had only six interceptions in the Eagles' first seven games, threw two against Washington.

"We ran all sorts of different formations, and variations off of those," Jaworski said. "We changed our blocking techniques. But all of that doesn't amount to a damn thing if you can't move them off the ball."

"The last time we played the Eagles, they never got in a situation where we could use our nickel defense," Pardee said. "We played it only about four times all day. Today we must have used it 24 times."

The Philadelphia linemen not only were beaten, but they were also beaten quickly. Walters had enjoyed a big game against Coy Bacon, the Redskins' 36-year-old defensive end, in Philly, but Bacon turned things around in Washington. He had two individual sacks of Jaworski and split another.

"I knew Coy was ready," said Hermeling, who has to face Bacon every day in practice. "I've never seen him work harder during the week. I've never seen him so fired up for a game."

The Eagle offensive linemen kept slipping and had trouble holding their blocks, which led to speculation that perhaps the footing hadn't been good. "It wasn't slippery for our linemen," said Washington

linebacker Pete Wysocki. "Or maybe we just hire guys with wide feet."

Jaworski took a harsh physical beating. "The Redskins were in my face before I could do anything, before I could look for my lay-off receivers," he said. At times Jaworski acted as though his sore ankle was bothering him. At the end of the game, when Redskin Cornerback Tony Peters turned out the lights with an interception, he made it a point to find Jaworski and lay the ball at the quarterback's feet.

"Do you think you might have come in thinking it would be easy after last time?" Jaworski was asked.

"We're not good enough to think that way," he said.

"How about Peters taunting you the way he did?"

Jaworski paused for a moment to give his words some weight. "If someone wants to do that, then somewhere down the road he's gonna pay for it," he said. "Athletes have long memories. They don't forget."

The Redskins, who scored on touchdown runs by Benny Malone (10 yards) and Quarterback Joe Theismann (one yard) and on a 23-yard field goal by Mark Moseley as they built a 17-0 lead before Jaworski put the Eagles on the board with a 40-yard pass to Keith Krepfle, gained 327 yards, but that's not what beat the Eagles. In the loss at Philadelphia they had gained 318 and also had scored 17 points. This time, though, they had the sun-god on their side. The temperature was in the low 80s, and the jerseys of the Eagle defenders, who were on the field 38 of the 60 minutes, were dark with sweat before the second quarter was halfway over. The Redskins run off 74 plays to the Eagles' 50.

"If you'd sat at home and drawn up a game plan, that's exactly the way you'd want to do it," said Redskin Fullback John Riggins, who busted Philadelphia for 120 yards. "Except that your own offense gets a little tired, too."

"When you play to the point of exhaustion, you've done your job," said Theismann. "It's like a prize fight where you train to go the distance and maybe win in the late rounds on a TKO."

During the week Pardee had closed his practices, another throwback to the Allen era, and put in a couple of interesting

wrinkles. He gave the 6' 1" Peters, listed as the right cornerback, the job of covering 6' 8" Receiver Harold Carmichael wherever Carmichael lined up, left side or right. Carmichael didn't catch a pass until the last five minutes, just when his streak of 103 games with at least one reception seemed likely to end.

Wrinkle No. 2 was what Wysocki called "the Polish way to play defense." In the first Redskin-Eagle game Montgomery had piled up much of his yardage by running behind the 225-pound Carmichael, who lined up outside the tight end, thus creating a tight end-wingback double-team on the outside linebacker. This time Wysocki beat it by turning his back.

"They can't block you when your back's turned, because it's a clip," said Wysocki, who played 63 games as the Redskins' special teams wedgebuster before getting his first start at right linebacker Sunday. "You face in, so you can see which way the ball's coming, then you turn at the last minute. By then it's too late for them to get you. Brad Dusek on the other side wasn't doing it as much as I was. I think he was embarrassed. I sort of liked it. Deflecting 'em with my behind, it's my best point. It's the Polish way of playing football."

Maybe it is, but Pardee seems to be playing with mirrors, too. His 22 starters on Sunday included six normal free agents and one super free agent, Riggins. Only two of the starters were originally drafted by the Skins, Right Tackle George Starke and Tight End Don Warren, a fourth-round pick and the highest of the meager total of five draft choices that Pardee had this year.

In the off-season Pardee had broken up the old Allen Gang, of which he'd once been an integral part. Billy Kilmer, Chris Hanburger, Ron McDole, Jake Scott. They'd left with some very hard words about a double-cross, but not one has caught on anywhere else. Speed and strength is what we're after, Pardee had said. Fresh legs.

"Before the season everyone wrote us off," said Hermeling. "They said we'd be lucky to have the same 8-8 record we had last year. I couldn't blame them. Sometimes it's pure luck, but sometimes it's something else."

Maybe now the Washington-Philadelphia rivalry will become something else, too.

Every great jockey has a special gift by which he is known, a particular skill that defines his name in terms of his art. Bill Shoemaker and Darrel McHargue have the hands, seemingly guiding their mounts with threads of silk. Then there are the disciples of the Ted Atkinson school of whip-riding. Once, after lashing a horse ferociously at the finish, Atkinson explained, "I was merely trying to impress upon him the urgency of the situation."

There may be no rider in America today who hits a horse as hard as Chris McCarron. And here and there are the betters of Eddie Arcaro, the master of pace-jockeys with stopwatches in their heads. There also are superior grass riders like Jean Crugnet and front-runners like Angel Cordero and those who excel at coming off the pace, like Jeffrey Fell.

And then there is Laffit Pincay Jr., standing quite alone among his peers. He has fine hands and exceptional judgment of pace, but to see Pincay in a stretch drive—head down, body pitched forward, snapping out his arms and throwing all his extraordinary strength into a horse's stride—is to begin to understand the essence of his gifts, the underlying reason for his unparalleled success. For no one finishes a race like Laffit Pincay Jr., no one is tougher 20 yards from the wire.

"I've seen times where other guys were riding better for a month or two," says Bobby Frankel, a leading California trainer, "but day after day, year after year, Laffit is the best rider I've ever seen."

In this his 14th season in America, Pincay, 32, is having the finest year of his career and he could become the first rider to earn \$7 million in a year. In 1973 Pincay became the first rider in history to win \$4 million in purses in a single season—\$4,093,492, to be exact—a record that many thought would stand for years. But with ever more racing dates and spiraling purses fueled by inflation, the money-winning record has since been broken four times, by Pincay himself in 1974 (\$4,251,060), by Cordero in 1976 (\$4,709,500), by Steve Causton in 1977 (\$6,151,750) and by McHargue last year, when his mounts earned \$6,188,353. Pincay broke McHargue's record Oct. 6

NO SWEAT FOR LAFFIT

Having won an agonizing fight with weight, top jockey Laffit Pincay Jr. is having a record-shattering year

by WILLIAM NACK

when Affirmed won the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont, a victory worth \$225,000, with the customary 10% going to Pincay. That pushed his purse earnings for the year to \$6,384,568 with a little less than three months left in the racing season. What makes the \$7-million mark a possibility is that he has become the regular rider for Harbor View Farm and its trainer, Laz Barrera. Barrera has the horses. Among others, he saddles Affirmed, the 1978 Triple Crown champion, who has already won \$1,148,800 in 1979, all but \$29,000 with Pincay up.

For Pincay, this year has been a reaffirmation, a return to the preeminence

he enjoyed five years in a row, from 1970 to '74, when he was the leading money-winning rider in America and a three-time winner of the Eclipse Award as the nation's leading jockey. (He was elected to racing's Hall of Fame in 1975.) But the glory years had also been a time of torment. Engaged in a constant struggle to keep his weight down, he would collapse from exhaustion, hallucinate on planes, become dizzy, sick, moody, depressed. What has made this year so memorable for him is that, for the first full season he can recall, he has suffered none of this. Loose on the lead, Pincay is widening on his past, enjoying himself as he did when as a child he was climbing lofty mango trees in his native Panama City.

Admittedly, Pincay was a ruffian. He traveled with gangs, a Roberto Duran without the snarl, picking fights wherever he roamed. "A troublemaker," he says of himself. He was the son of a famous Panamanian jockey, Laffit Pincay Sr., who left home when Laffit was a small child. Soon afterward his mother, Rosario, who worked as a distributor for the Panama Gazette, married a carpenter. Laffit ran loose, on the beach and in the streets, but Rosario, a fretting mother, pleaded that he be careful.

"You look just like your father, Laffit," friends would say. "You going to be a jockey?"

"Don't say that to Laffit!" Rosario would say. Pincay wanted to be a baseball player—and he did become the second baseman on the Panama national baseball team—but the racetrack exerted a powerful attraction. "Are you related to the Laffit Pincay?" people would ask. The elder Pincay, who had gone off to Venezuela to ride, retired as a jockey in 1970 and still lives in Caracas.

Laffit apprenticed at the racetrack in Panama City without pay for 14 months, hot-walking and grooming, slicing grass with a machete and lugging it to the stables in a burlap bag. Covered with mud, bag slung over his back, one day he met his mother, who had come by to see what he was doing.

"¡O Laffit!" she cried in horror. "¿Esta es la manera que te gusta andar?" (Is this how you like to go around?)

"Sí, mama."

"¿Aquí esta donde tu quieres estar?" she asked. (Is this where you want to be?)

"Sí, mamá."

In 1964, his first year as a rider, he was the leading apprentice in Panama, and when Jorge Velasquez signed a contract with owner Fred Hooper to ride in the U.S.—as Braulio Baeza had done a few years before—Pincay became Panama's leading rider. In 1966, he also

came north with Hooper and was under contract to him for three years. Pincay was a superlative rider from the start here but did not become the nation's top jockey until 1970, when he hired Vince DeGregory as his agent. Then began his five-year reign as leading money-winner. They were a show, Pincay and DeGregory, wherever they went.

There was the glib, peripatetic De-

Gregory of Saratoga Springs, N.Y.—movie-star suave and tall, engaging, very savvy, a master at reading condition books and charts and at finding the horses for Pincay to ride. And there was Pincay, handsome and intense, with high Indian cheekbones and black hair. When he was on the *Tonight Show* he sat with his legs crossed and his arms folded, looking like a choirboy. And so polite. You could just hear the folks out there in Middle America saying, "My! What a nice young man."

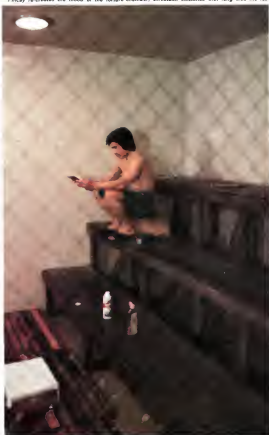
And he was. But inside he was on edge, and had been since 1969, when he began his fight with his weight. For years he took a diet pill every day to reduce his appetite, but the pill made him nervous and he couldn't get enough sleep. He took a water pill almost every day to keep liquids from accumulating in his system, but those pills caused debilitating cramps. "At the beginning you don't feel them," Pincay says. "You just think it's great that you lost some weight. Then later on you start feeling cramps in your legs, then your back, and dizziness. Little by little it starts getting into your system and you start feeling the weakness and the cramps." He would go off the water pills, then back on them, then off and back on them again.

"I was tired all the time," he says. While taking the pills he would hit the hotbox every morning, 40 minutes to an hour a day, to sweat off four to five pounds in order to ride at 115 or 117. At Saratoga, desperate to lose weight, he bought himself a hotbox all his own—a baby-blue job he set up in his living room. "It was the kind where your head sticks out," says his wife, Linda. "He'd get inside, I'd close the lid, and he'd sit there all morning in the thing and we'd talk and watch the game shows—*Hollywood Squares*, *Jeopardy*, *High Rollers*—and try to answer the questions; anything to take his mind off what he was doing. The poor guy, he would sit for hours and sweat so little—I could see him get upset and anxious when he didn't sweat—and then he would walk to the track, trying to sweat some more in the heat, then get into the sweatbox there."

He changed diets like jockeys' silks, slipping out of one and into another.

continued

Pincay re-creates the mood of the torture-chamber, sweatbox existence that long was his lot.



And he loved food. On Dec. 1, 1972, when he was far ahead in the national jockey standings and on his way to his third money-winning title, Pincay decided to take a vacation. He packed his things in New York, climbed into his white Continental Mark III and started the 3,000-mile drive to his home in suburban Los Angeles. It had been a long if lucrative year, and Pincay was tired, especially of the diet he'd been on to keep his weight at 115 pounds. That was about what he weighed when he left New York. Now it was time to relax, and eat.

And he ate on this long drive home, not an unusual amount by ordinary standards, but a prodigious quantity for him—three meals a day. For breakfast a couple of eggs, coffee with a dash of cream, and toast. For lunch a piece of meat and a vegetable. For dinner, a big steak, vegetables, a piece of bread or two and a glass of wine or two. Fond of caramel lollipops, he had one at each stop on the way. The trip took five days. When he got home, Linda took one look at him and called DeGregory: "You've got to see Laffie!"

He weighed 132 pounds.

Thus the effect of food. After the battle had commenced in 1969, Pincay frequently went without breakfast. For lunch he often had no more than a bowl of soup. "He'd plop down with me in the kitchen and have a cup of tea with nothing in it, and maybe a cracker, scraping off the grains of salt before he ate it," says Dr. Jack Jooey, a California veterinarian. For dinner he had a piece of broiled fish and a boiled vegetable. In his sunflower-seed period he had them for breakfast with nothing else, for lunch with a poached egg, and for dinner with a salad.

During his ritual of the pillbox, the hotbox and the salad bar, Pincay never had a bad year at the track, but he sensed a void in his life. "Even when I was doing good, I had a very empty feeling, you know?" he says. "I used to get up in the morning and think, 'Oh, man, you got to do it again. And there's nothing you can do about it.' I used to think, 'Do I have to do this the rest of my career?' It was a terrible feeling, day after day. I was making so much money. I have a beautiful family

and I was not enjoying it. I don't know why I was so intense about winning. I was trying so hard, sometimes I was too active on a horse and he would lose his balance and foul other horses and I was getting suspensions. Pushing too hard, trying too hard was what I was doing. I would lose my temper very easily. Get in fights all the time with other jockeys. In 1973 I started to get very depressed. I wasn't satisfied with anything. I'd win four races in a day and think about the one that got away. I'd get mad: 'You should have won five today.' It was always the win that got away. I don't know why. It wasn't money. It was the pressure. Just too much pressure."

Not all of it was self-imposed. DeGregory wanted riding championships. "He would tell me we're going to be leading rider," Pincay says. "We're going to do this, do that. If we had a bad week, I could feel he was mad at me. He'd tell me how much money he bet on me to be the leading rider, side bets, up to \$5,000 a bet. If I got days, if I got a suspension, he'd say, 'Don't worry. We'll still win. I bet another thousand on you.' If that's not putting pressure on somebody. . ."

DeGregory says that the first year Pincay won the riding championship, Laffie told him that nobody could beat Shoemaker in California. "I'd just started working for him," the agent recalls. "I told him, 'If you don't believe you can beat Shoemaker, I'm going to quit you.

I don't work for riders who don't believe in themselves.' I always put pressure on him, ever since I went to work for him, but only because he was in a shell, very quiet. It was for his own good."

Whatever was driving Pincay, it almost consumed him in 1974, the year he had the box put in his living room at Saratoga. That fall, while riding at Aqueduct, he collapsed in the jockeys' room. "I came into the room and all the lights started looking funny to me, going around, and I saw spots," he says. "Suddenly I was very weary." A warm flash raced through his body. Rushed to the hospital, he had an electrocardiogram taken, which showed nothing wrong. He was sitting in the emergency room waiting for his wife when he noticed a doctor looking at him from across the room. "I thought he recognized me," Pincay says. He kept looking at me, finally he came up to me."

"Son, do you feel all right?" the doctor said.

"I feel funny."

"You don't look good to me," the doctor said.

Pincay told him about the diet and the pills and the box. The doctor took him inside for blood tests. An hour later came the warning. "He told me, 'Listen, you have no salt in your body. You have no potassium in your body. You have no water in your body. You are dehydrated. If you don't quit what you're doing, you're going to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD JACKSON



At his best in those critical yards before the wire, Pincay is driving for another money-winning championship.



The Pincays at home in L. A. Linda, Lisa, Alvaro (a golden retriever), Little Laffit and Laffit Jr

have a heart attack when you're very young.' I got scared. I knew I had to do something about staying away from the box."

But he was going for his fifth straight riding championship, and he pressed on. On a flight from Kentucky to New York, he felt dizzy as the plane took off. "I got very nervous," he recalls. "I thought I was going to go crazy. I thought of screaming and running. I think it was the drugs." Shortly after he got to New York, shaken, he decided to hang it up for the year, and flew to Aruba with his wife, his close friend Jockey Alvaro Pineda and Pineda's wife. Pincay won the riding championship after cutting short his vacation, but that was to be his last ride.

Pineda was killed in a starting-gate accident at Santa Anita in January 1975, and Pincay grieved for months. He had been on an all-protein diet since November, and as usual he did not feel well. He was anemic; physicians believed they may have found a parasite in his spleen. "He was not the same rider in '75," Linda says. "I don't think it was only Alvaro's death. I think it was also the diet he was on. All-protein, and water pills and diet pills. The doctor who put him on it told him, 'This is against everything I've ever been taught, because you have no fat, but I'm going to do it because I'm afraid if I don't, you'll try something else, and I want you under my care.' He was trying to help him, but it

wasn't right for Laffit. He would get sullen and depressed. There was no communication. I felt like I barely knew him. It kept him out of the box, but it got him very, very weak. He was quiet and moody. There was no closeness, like he was living all by himself. He was like a robot."

Pincay broke his collarbone twice in 1975, in March and July, and what with the fractures, the diet and Pineda's death, the thought of quitting came to him. He tried to resist the box; its sweet medicinal smell was now enough to make him ill. He began thinking, "What am I doing here? Alvaro had been working very, very hard. He gets killed trying so hard. It was like I was putting myself in his position. Why do I have to suffer like this—to get killed like he did? I questioned whether what I was doing was right. I didn't know if it was worth it. What's important? What means something to me?"

The following spring he asked his business representative to fire DeGregory, who was in Las Vegas when he got the call.

"What?" DeGregory said.

"That's what Laffit told me to tell you," said the agent.

"You must be kidding. I talked to him last night."

"He told me to tell you you're fired."

Knowing how persuasive DeGregory could be, Pincay felt that "if I didn't do it that way, I'd have never gotten rid of him. I know him. He would have told me I was wrong, he was right, and I'm very soft. He's a good agent. I know he's competitive. I just didn't need somebody like that."

So DeGregory was gone. "I'm still just dumbfounded about the whole thing," he says. Pincay hired agent George O'Bryan. "The first thing I said to him was, 'I don't want any pressure from you or anybody,'" Pincay says. "I don't want any worry about leading rider or anything. I don't want anybody pushing me around. I just want to be happy and try to do some good."

This year is the culmination of their work together. And Pincay has never been more at peace with himself. He has finally found a diet he can live with, at least for now. Every morning he counts out a handful of unsalted nuts—soy, cashews, almonds, brazil nuts, filberts and pecans—slices them up and adds them

to a bowl of bran cereal and bran flakes. He eats the mixture dry. That's breakfast. For lunch he has a breakfast bar. For dinner he goes back to dry cereal and nuts. It's not arroz con pollo, but it keeps him out of the box, and he hasn't had a pill in months.

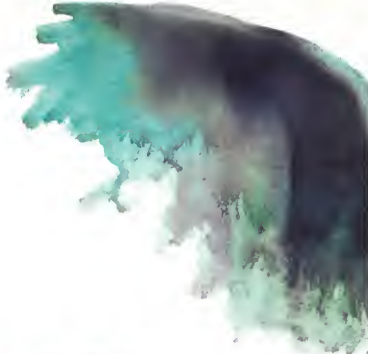
"There's no pressure," he says. "I hope to ride until I'm 40. I just do my job, come home, eat my dinner. There's nothing to worry about anymore. If I get into a bad streak, or something goes wrong, I know how to handle it better."

"Laffit is riding better than he ever has," says DeGregory, now the agent for Chris McCarron. "I still think he's the greatest rider in the world and will always think that." McCarron, who has ridden hundreds of times against Pincay, says Laffit's strength makes him a great rider: "We call him the Incredible Hulk because he's so strong. And he has finesse. And his rhythm in stride upon the horse is better than anyone's I've ever seen. If communication between horse and rider does really exist, he has it more than anyone else."

Shoemaker, the master, says Pincay has "ample quantities of everything you need ... good seat, balance, strength, strong hands, a great head for the sport."

Pincay's consuming obsession with winning has mellowed, but the intensity with which he lives remains, off the racetrack as well as on. For most racegoers, the abiding vision of Pincay is of a rider in the final drive, persuading the horse to forget his fatigue and make a strong finishing run. His old friend Doc Jockey sees that, and something else as well.

"I have a house on the beach," Jockey says, "and when the horses are running at Del Mar I see him every morning at six o'clock. I have this big bay window that overlooks the beach. Every morning you can see this lone figure in a sweat suit jogging down the beach, alone against the sea. He comes into view on one side of the window and disappears on the other side. Then he'll come back jogging the other way. He must be deep in thought. You know how some people jog with their heads up, waving at people? Not Laffit. His head is down. He is all alone. That sticks with me. He's a champion jockey, a man at the pinnacle of his profession. But there he is jogging along the beach. Out there keeping that body going. What does that tell you?"



A FISH ON THE FLY

At a small Wisconsin lake, a fisherman and a bald eagle waited patiently for Big Jumbo, the giant, native brown trout, to strike. It did by E. M. SWIFT





Alon E. Gler 71

CONTINUED

*Behold the fisherman:
He riseth before the dawn and waketh the whole household.
Great are his preparations.
He leaveth full of hope and returneth after the day is
long spent
Smelling strongly of drink and the truth is not in him.*

So reads the plaque in the clubhouse of the Coleman Lake Club, which is nestled in the woods of northern Wisconsin. The club was founded in the 1880s, and on its 10,000 acres of birch, oak, pine and aspen are five ponds and five lakes, not counting Lost Lake, which cannot be found. In those 10 bodies of water one can catch—in order of preference—brown, rainbow and brook trout, smallmouth and largemouth bass, northern pike, yellow perch, sunfish, bluegills, crappies and the regrettable sucker. As in all the northern Great Lakes region, the wildlife is spectacular. Red fox, black bear, muskrat, otter, porcupines, beaver and whitetail deer abound. I have seen ospreys, great blue herons, woodcock, grouse and a roomful (mine) of bats. An alarmingly large snapping turtle once kept me from approaching her eggs, which are the shape of Ping-Pong balls and have the consistency of wet leather. The pride of the club, however, is a faithful pair of bald eagles, who return to Coleman Lake year after year, having survived even though the giant pine that held their original nest was felled by lightning.

But it is the trout fishing that people come for, and while the smaller ponds are stocked with brook trout and what my cousin calls clone rainbow (15 inches, 1½ pounds, two jumps), the larger ponds and lakes contain giant, native brown trout. Big Jumbo, they are called. Seven years ago a man named Spencer Moseley, captain of the 1942 Yale football team, became a legend of sorts by taking on a Jumbo alone at night, armed with only a fly rod. He had forgotten his net and fought the beast well over an hour before, flashlight in mouth, he scooped the exhausted brown into his rowboat with a raincoat. It weighed 8 pounds, 14 ounces, breaking the club record by a Beamonish three pounds. A year later, a 9½-pound brown was caught.

I returned to Coleman Lake this summer for the first time in several years and was delighted on my first morning to spot a bald eagle as it flew over Brock Pond. It glided regally in the blue sky, its white head and white, fan-shaped

tail sharply contrasting with the rich brown of its body, bringing a mournful yodel of alarm from the loons fishing nearby. The fishing the first two days was only fair. The clone rainbow, which had been reared in a hatchery on food pellets, was striking our leader knots more often than our flies.

On the third morning, my fishing partner, Sally Lee, and I drove to North Pond, where the trout are all native. It is an eerily lovely body of water, perhaps three-quarters of a mile long, dotted with hundreds of dead standing trees, burned out in some turn-of-the-century fire and later inundated when the old dam was built and the pond formed. On my cousin's advice, I was fishing with a sinking line, sinking leader and weighted black woolly worm. Shortly after dawn, I watched one of my casts disappear into the swirling deep and felt a reluctant tug. The disappointing fight was quickly explained when I pulled up a 14-inch sucker. I have always been told that suckers devour trout eggs by the thousand, like cears eating caviar, so I gave it a whack on the side of the boat and tossed it overboard.

Thirty seconds later we heard a loon cry out, and Sally shouted, "Look!"

Soaring in above the tops of the pond's dead trees was the eagle. It passed over the boat, circled and descended. The sucker, belly up, floated not 25 feet from the boat. The eagle glided lower, lower, and as it reached the fish it threw up its wings, splashing down talons first. Its yellow, hooked beak was open. Suddenly it was up again and winging away, its 7½-foot wingspan carrying it upward with even, patient beats. The sucker was gone.

Sally had snapped a picture, but she did not look happy. "I think I jerked," she said.

"You could sell that to *National Geographic*. That was incredible."

"I think I jerked. I was too nervous."

After a sight like that, it hardly mattered that the bottom-feeding sucker was the only fish to find my woolly worm all day. That night it rained. A change in weather often brings good fishing, and the next afternoon we returned to North Pond in search of Jumbo.

We had hardly arrived before the loons began carrying on again, and Sally spotted the eagle. It flew across the lake and came to rest in a tree at the far end, the white of its head and tail showing against the evergreens.

"I wonder if it recognizes us," Sally said.

continued

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I considered this too implausible a remark to reply to, but two hours later, when I hooked my first fish, I had reason to believe she was right. My nine-inch brook trout was making as much of a fuss as it could, splashing beside the boat, when Sally again cried, "Look!" To my amazement, the eagle glided directly over our heads, perhaps 15 feet in the air, with an eye on my tiny trout. Without further ado I netted the fish, and the bird came to a perch across the pond, halfway up a dead tree. From there, he gave us his best *E pluribus unum* stare.

"He wants it," Sally said.

"So do I."

"I think you should give it to him."

If we had brought a camera or had six other brookies just like it, perhaps I would have. As it was, I would not be bullied into throwing my only fish overboard on the off chance that the eagle would swoop down, take it and appreciate it more than it had the sucker. I also did not want to face my cousin with another empty creel. I dropped the brook trout in the bait box; Sally pouted; and the eagle waited in stony silence.

We picnicked on cold chicken at dusk. The mosquitoes picnicked on warm ankles. I had brought a bottle of Pernod, a yellow, licorice-flavored liqueur, which I have discovered has a numbing effect on mosquito bites when taken in moderation—or excess. The sun appeared for the first time all day, then dipped beneath the cloud cover, and the wind stilled. The clouds turned pink.

I tied on a Marabou Muddler, which I suspect is what the taciturn Mr. Moseley caught his Big Jumbo on. It is a wet fly with a round, bristly head and a gaudy white feather above a narrow, tin-folied body. Sally rowed me to one of the several places my cousin—who knows everything—refers to confidentially as "the best water in the lake," a spot marked with submerged logs, stumps and weeds. I was throwing an attractive line, the Pernod having relaxed my motion just so, when in the middle of a retrieve a fish hit. Before I could strike, the slack was gone, and I felt as if someone were trying to pull the rod from my hands. The fish exploded from the water, shaking violently. I bowed through instinct, and it fell back with a terrific splash.

"Big Jumbo!" I screamed. My voice, to my surprise, was quaking.

continued

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"Be careful of the log," Sally said.

It was too late to be careful of the log. The log had somehow appeared between the boat and the fish, and the wily Jumbo was making a left turn around it.

Sally pulled on the oars. The fish broke water for the second time, and I dipped the tip of my rod. There was just enough slack in the line that the leader did not break; I got a good look at the fish. My heavens, what a brown.

"Did you see that? Did you see that fish?" I shouted.

We circled the log, and I pulled in my slack. The fish dived now, but it was swimming away from the weeds, into the channel that ran through the pond. It was a heavy fish and my bamboo rod was bent at a crazy angle. I held it high, trying to keep the fish from the bottom.

It turned and made a slow pass toward the boat, veering under the stern. Its spotted tail slid into, then out of, view in the dark water. The line and leader

rose into sight on the other side of the boat, and the fish jumped again, into the sunset. It made an enormous splash.

That was its last jump. It ran out 20 feet of line, then went deep, circling twice more behind the stern. On each pass, the fish came a bit higher, and I picked up a yard or two of line. After a half hour, it was back on the west side of the boat. The sun was down. We were perhaps 15 minutes from dark.

"We don't have a flashlight," Sally said.

"I don't think we'll need one."

The brown was tired, its dorsal fin and tail—as big as my hand—flipping above the smooth surface 20 feet away. Its body was sideways to the boat, and I eyeballed the fish as longer than the blade of the oar, which was 30 inches.

"He's ready," I said. "Water me for the kill." I nodded toward my mosquito medicine. As Sally raised the bottle of Pernod to my lips, the brown trout sud-

denly flopped its tail and head, trying, I think, to hit the leader with its tail. The drink spilled down the front of my shirt, so that I stank of leonore.

Jumbo's head swung toward the boat, and I started to inch him in. His tail splashed feebly. He is spent, I thought.

I heard a loon cry.

"Look!"

I did not have time to look. I did not need to. Peripherally, I saw something dark, something fast and so bizarre that I raised my arms around my head. There was a great splash from my fish—no, above my fish, on my fish. The eagle beat its wings again, sagging from the great weight. The line went taut as the eagle rose. It strained and snapped.

"Noooo!"

The eagle made a slow circle. It gained height. The fish was flipping in its talons. The loon had stopped now. The eagle passed over the trees on the shore, and the sky darkened around it.

END

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AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY HE WAS STILL TALKING



COSCELL KNEW IT ALL, DRYSDALE AND JACKSON DISCOVERED

It is the seventh inning of a scoreless sixth game of the World Series, the Pirates' Tim Lincecum at bat, one out and speedy Omar Moreno on first. Foli hits a grounder over the mound to second base that Baltimore Shortstop Kiko Garcia tries to grab with his foot on the bag for a force play that might start a double play. But Garcia is unable to come up with the ball and both runners are safe. At the television microphone, Don Drysdale says Garcia should have moved up on the ball instead of hanging back at the base in hope of starting a double play. Howard Cosell says, "I think Moreno was in anyway, he was on the move," and drops that subject to exhort Foli's ability to get his bat on the ball. Drysdale persists in making the baseball man's point, saying that Garcia should have made sure to get at least one out on the play. Cosell says, "Yes, you are right about that. He could have gotten the runner out at first."

What is significant here is that Cosell hadn't understood the import of the play at once. By the next inning, though, and through the remainder of the World Series, he was expounding on the Garcia mistake, declaring with Cosellian cocksureness what Garcia should have done, as if it had been obvious to him all along, as if the significance of the play had never eluded him in the first place.

That piece of business is at the heart of Cosell's genius in dominating a sports broadcast, to grab hold of a moment or an issue

and to project himself as the expert. Or as somebody once said about an opportunistic politician, "He's always quick to see a parade going by and jump on ahead of it."

Don Ohlmeyer, the executive producer of sports at NBC, who used to work with Cosell on Monday Night Football at ABC, says, "Cosell's value is that he forces the focus." Indeed, he is the catalyst who piques and goads and draws attention, and that has made him one of the most significant factors in the phenomenal prime-

time success of Monday Night Football. If this was not evident before, it should have been brought home to even the Cosell hangers on three nights of prime-time football when Cosell was absent because of the World Series. Without him the football telecasts floundered. The team of Frank Gifford, Don Meredith and Fran Tarkenton, the three ex-athletes, couldn't go beyond X's and O's.

If Cosell's value as a once-a-week Monday Night Football gadfly was being substantiated elsewhere, Cosell, seven days out of eight during the Series, was too much of a bad thing. Though he did several good interviews and helped put some of the drama and action in sharp focus, Cosell talked so much, at such high intensity, launching such a barrage of questionable opinions and expertise, that he was continually being second-guessed by viewers. As usual, he overshadowed his partners—Kermit Jackson, who seemed eager to return to a college football game, and Drysdale, who dropped some baseball insights when he wasn't saying. "That's exactly right."

But it was Cosell who once again turned out to be as much a central figure in an event as any of the athletes. In the first game, after Pittsburgh's Bruce Kison was driven from the mound, Cosell mentioned that Kison had told Coach Harvey Haddix he wouldn't mind if they started another pitcher. Cosell said, "It makes you wonder about his confidence." It also made perceptive viewers wonder why

Cosell hadn't reported this at the start.

Cosell overused the term "there's no quit in..."—for the teams, managers, even the fans. And when Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver was desperately matching a left-handed pitcher to a left-handed hitter, and right to right, to quell a Pirate rally in the ninth inning of the last game, each change by Weaver would be accompanied by an exhortation from Cosell, "There's no quit in Weaver..." "Gave credit to Earl Weaver, he's pulling out all the stops..." "Weaver is giving it all he's got." Question: What would a manager of a team fighting for its life be expected to do?

Announcers who are on the air for such long periods are bound to make errors, and Cosell made his share. But when his own lack of expertise on some fine points of the game was being exposed, it became a further irritant for a viewer to hear him pontificate, as he did after Dave Parker, a superlative hitter, grounded out, "That's a pitch you should go inside out."

At times Cosell rambled on about what great cities Baltimore and Pittsburgh were, once saying, "People know how I feel about that," almost as if the Cosell imprimatur certified a city's legitimacy.

On the other hand, and as is often the case, he was frequently criticized for the wrong reasons. He was faulted in Pittsburgh and particularly in Baltimore—where some anti-Cosell newspaper stories stirred local yokels to menace and damage Cosell's limousine when he was being driven from Memorial Stadium after the sixth game—for being biased against each city's team. Some people are so used to the mindless, accentuate-the-positive attitude of house announcers toward the home team that they don't understand the down-the-middle approach of national broadcasters, who are interested in good, close games. Professionals like Cosell will root, if they ever do root, for the good story, because good stories, i.e., good games, keep people interested, and viewer interest pays off in higher ratings—the game television people really care about.

ABC doesn't telecast the World Series again until 1981, so we are safe for a while from another week-long assault by Cosell. Until then, welcome back to Monday Night Football. Howard.

END

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The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.

A rare scare for the Bear

Johnny Majors' Tennessee Vols jumped out to a big lead over No. 1-ranked Alabama, and, although they lost, happy days will soon be here again in Knoxville

I have always been able to do more than people expect," Tennessee Coach Johnny Majors was saying last Friday night over dinner in Birmingham on the eve of the Volunteers' game with No. 1-ranked Alabama. "But at Tennessee that might not be possible."

Might not. These days Vol fans are pumped up to the bursting point about the 44-year-old Majors' already legendary coaching wizardry. After all, he coached Iowa State to winning ways, taking the Cyclones to their first-ever bowl game in 1971. Then he got State to a bowl again the next year, bringing additional joy to a state in which people had always felt that second place in a football game was pretty darned good. And at Pitt he directed the Panthers to a national championship in 1976—in a town that thought just being best in Pennsylvania ranked right up there with scrapple on the list of Good Things.

Even before he took over at Tennessee in 1977, Majors was one of the state's favorite sons. Indeed, in the mid-1950s he was an All-America—halfback and defensive back—for the Vols. Even when he fumbled a punt in the 1957 Sugar Bowl—a fumble that led to Baylor's winning touchdown and cost Tennessee an undefeated season—his mother seemingly spoke for the entire state when she said, "Well, everybody burns the biscuits once in a while."

Perhaps, but Volunteer fans don't expect any more such inattention to duty. They expect Majors to fire up and beat Auburn (he did this year, 35-17) and Alabama (yet to be done), win the Southeastern Conference championship and a national championship. Can Majors do all this?

"None of that is in my contract," he says prudently. But last Saturday, before a thunderstruck crowd of 77,665 at Legion Field in Birmingham, his young squad, 20-point underdogs, put on a performance against Alabama that served notice to the football world: Johnny Majors is going to have the Vols back up there among the Top Ten heavy hitters. Soon. Write it down. For on a gorgeous football afternoon, all Tennessee did was

stun proud, albeit fumbling, Alabama (seven fumbles, four lost) by jumping off to a 17-0 lead. Then the Vols clawed and scratched and blocked and tackled before giving in to the Crimson Tide, 27-17. Bama Coach Bear Bryant had been asked earlier in the week, "What if you get behind?" He muttered, "Well, we're gonna try to get back ahead." Bingo, that's all there is to coaching a No. 1-ranked team.

Alabama's talent plus a soft, soft schedule—Wichita State (1-6) and Vanderbilt (0-6) have already been conquered; the likes of Virginia Tech (4-3) and Miami (3-3) are yet to come—should add up to a ninth national championship for the Tide. Bryant says, "I make no apologies for our schedule. Last year we

played the toughest schedule in history and nobody congratulated us." Did too, Bear. The AP writers' poll acknowledged it by voting the Tide national champs.

Saturday's game gave Majors a fine opportunity to give the faithful a progress report on his quest to do what he has been ordered to do: make a 24-carat winner for the folks in Knoxville, who haven't seen their Big Orange go to a major bowl in eight years. It bothers him not a bit that as a coach he is responsible to an irresponsible public. His predecessor, Bill Battle, resigned under pressure. Although he had a 59-22-2 record, he was regarded as a loser. Majors arrived with a record of 57-43-2 and was hailed as a real winner. Other coaches wonder what his secret is. There's no secret. He's just

continued



Bryant and Majors leave the field in Birmingham, the Bear probably en route to another national title

the kind of guy who races his motor all day: his idea of taking it easy is to play three sets of tennis. He recruits like gang busters. When the fast-talking Majors was courting Tony Dorsett just after accepting the Pitt job, Dorsett said after one visit, "I couldn't understand a word Coach Majors said, but I sure liked the way he said it." Majors may constantly interrupt others, but he's not being rude; it's just that he has so much more to say than anybody else, and if he wants he'll never get it all in.

Linebacker Craig Puki, who was to be Saturday's leading tackler, with 13 stops, says of Majors, "He doesn't hold himself on a pedestal. He has fire in his eyes. If he were a player, you know he'd be doing it. He's always kindling the fire. He has taught us what total dedication is." Says Quarterback Jimmy Sreater, explaining why the players always say "Yes, sir" to Majors, "We have respect for him because he has respect for us."

Gave them ringing ear drums, too. Majors is forever clapping his hands—which can be startling in a small room. One day last week he chortled, "I love living and coaching. There ain't a damn soul more enthusiastic than me. When I was born, I hit the ground running."

Case in point. Before the Alabama game, he barged into a meeting room where his assistants were fretting and discussed a play. "They might stuff us, but then, we might make four yards, and if we make four yards, we might break the tackle. Right?" He left without waiting for an answer.

Later, watching a Vol practice, Majors was slightly subdued. "Today can't be all bad," he said. "I'm alive, the sun's shining and I have a job. Now, by Sunday night, it might be a different story."

In the stillness of the locker room before the game, Majors reminded his obviously apprehensive team, "Don't underestimate yourself. You're young and you're moving. You have a good football team. Just think to yourselves, 'If it's to be, it's up to me.'"

Less than five minutes into the game, Puki, a senior, took Majors at his word and joined Bama Quarterback Steadman Shealy with a crushing hit. Shealy fumbled, and Tennessee's Bill Bates pounced on the ball on the Alabama 48. But the Vols could do nothing. Then, just over a minute later, Shealy fumbled a center snap, and Middle Guard Carlton Gunn recovered for the Vols on the Alabama

15. Three plays later Sreater threw a roll-out to Wingback Phil Ingram for a touchdown. Late in the first quarter Tennessee marched from its own 37 as Fullback Hubert Simpson and Sreater took turns confounding Alabama with their running and passing. Sreater went over from the three to cap an 11-play drive. Moments later, early in the second quarter, Alan Duncan booted a 45-yard field goal, and so the scoreboard looked as if it had been rigged by a fantasist for a Tennessee re-enacting movie: Vols 17, Alabama 0. Confessed Majors later, "At this point, I thought we were gonna win."

But Alabama, a team that doesn't often face adversity but nevertheless knows how to handle it, reared up to spoil the final reels. The turning point came in the second quarter when a Sreater pass was deflected by Nose Guard Warren Lyles and caught by Linebacker Robbie Jones. Lamented Sreater, "When I released the ball, I felt like there was nobody there. Suddenly it seemed like there were 15,000 hands." On the next play Shealy threw to Tight End Tim Travis for 33 yards and the first Bama score.

In the third quarter the Tide turned it on. On the second play from scrimmage, Shealy's pass was intercepted by the Vols' Danny Martin, who returned it 28 yards to the Alabama 32. But on the next play, Tennessee Fullback Terry Daniels fumbled, and the Tide's Randy Scott recovered. After another interception of a Sreater pass, Running Back Major Ogilvie—who ultimately gained 109 yards—got the Tide a touchdown with a 16-yard run and a one-yard plunge. Score 17-14.

With only five seconds left in the quarter, Don Jacobs, spelling Shealy at quarterback, made a last-second pitch to Ogilvie, who went six yards to put Bama ahead, 21-17. It was all over when Jacobs got loose up the middle for 13 yards and another TD with 5:58 left in the game. Said Jacobs of all the fumbles, "Maybe it's mental, but Tennessee was no slouch in the hitting department."

Ultimately, Alabama made 26 first downs to Tennessee's 13 and 396 yards of total offense to the Vols' 220. Said Bryant, "I think Alabama is a champion now."

But how good is this team compared with your others?

"Aw, that's like comparing the old girl with the new girl."

Asked the same question about his bunch, Majors said, "We'll be a whole

lot better in the future." Tennessee people were deflated—after all, it was the ninth straight loss to those fat cats from Tuscaloosa—but not destroyed. "We had our chances," said Majors, whose team is now 4-2. "We just gave some Christmas presents we couldn't afford. But we grew up and played shoe to shoe with the No. 1 team in the country."

"Football is not going to drive me crazy. It means an awful lot to me, but I am not going to get to the point where I can't smell the roses." Or be bothered by the occasional odor of burning biscuits.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST At 6 a.m. on Thursday, the Arkansas coaches met for their weekly Bible study. They smiled inwardly as Rev. H. D. McCarty spoke about how David had slain Goliath by using his best weapon. Although Razorback Coach Lou Holtz did not have a slingshot, he planned to take on Texas with his best weapon, albeit a disguised one. To beat the Longhorns in this SWC shootout, Holtz felt he had to decoy Safety Johnnie Johnson so he could not mess up the plays Lou was banking on—straight-ahead runs.

In an effort to keep Johnson out of the way, Arkansas unleashed several long passes on which he had to cover. The Hogs gained only 54 yards passing and 135 running, but got vital yardage when needed, including a 28-yard run by Gary Anderson for a touchdown that made the score 7-7. After the Hogs recovered a fumble at the Longhorn 29, they hammered their way down to the seven. From there, Kevin Scanlon passed to Darryl Mason, who made a diving, rolling catch in the end zone. A 31-yard field goal by Ish Ordonez, an NCAA-record 15th without a miss, put the Hogs ahead 17-7 and they held on to win 17-14.

Houston clung to its tie with Arkansas for the SWC lead by pummeling SMU 37-10. The Mustangs, who had lost only five fumbles in five games, coughed up five to the Cougars and also had two of their passes stolen.

1. ARKANSAS (6-0)

2. TEXAS (4-1) 3. HOUSTON (6-0)

EAST Brian Broomell of Temple and Doyle Tate of Penn State took to the air to bring Cincinnati and Syracuse down to earth. It required only 18 seconds for the Owls to start winging their way to a 35-14 rout of the Bearcats, Broomell starting up

continued

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with Wiley Pitts on a 64-yard scoring pass. Broomell, who according to the NCAA's complex formula is the most efficient passer in the nation, hit on 14 of 22 throws for 313 yards and all five Temple TDs in three quarters. Grabbing eight of those passes for 181 yards was Gerald (Sweetfist) Lueker, who scored on pass-run plays covering 41, 16 and 44 yards.

Tate, whose passing had been erratic early in the season, was on the mark with 14 of 18 attempts during a 35-7 scuffling of Syracuse. Those losses resulted in 199 yards and three touchdowns, two by Brad Scott.

Navy used a sub to torpedo Virginia 17-10 for its sixth win without a loss. With their No. 1 and No. 2 tailbacks hurt, the Middeas resorted to Duane Flowers, who blossomed. Flowers ran for 136 yards and scored on a 28-yard burst.

War may be hell, but losing 55-0 is no piece of cake, either. That was the score inflicted upon Army by Baylor. The Bears forced an all-out Cadet retreat, rushing for 331 yards, passing for 281, intercepting five passes and pouncing on three Army fumbles.

West Virginia had Luck on its side—Oliver Luck, that is—during a 27-17 upset of Tulane. Luck passed and ran for 228 yards.

Only one team remained undefeated in Ivy League competition—Yale. The Bulldogs, 3-0 in the league and 5-0 overall, beat Columbia 37-7. In the process, Yale allowed the Lions only 45 yards and lowered its total defense to 143.8 yards a game, the stingiest in the country. Brown stayed within half a length of the Elis by downing Cornell 28-7, while Dartmouth stopped Harvard 10-7 in the only other league contest.

1. PITTSBURGH (5-1)
2. TEMPLE (6-1) 3. PENN STATE (4-2)

WEST Wyoming's Cowboys were left shivering by a snowstorm that swept through Laramie and by the cool passing of Marc Wilson of Brigham Young. Undeterred by the snow, Wilson connected on a WAC-record 33 passes in 48 tries for 448 yards and four TDs in the Cougars' win 54-14.

Defensive passes also led Stanford and UCLA to Pac-10 triumphs. Turk Schonert's 17-for-20 passing resulted in 194 yards and three touchdowns as the Cardinals came out on top 30-10 at Arizona. For UCLA, the big guy was freshman Bernard Durwin Quarles. It was Quarles who played the last three quarters, but on eight of 13 tosses for 103 yards, rushed for 80 more and brought the Bruins from a 20-0 deficit to a 28-27 victory over California. Scoring all four UCLA touchdowns was Freeman McNeil, who ran for 192 yards.

Washington scored against Pittsburgh from far out (Anthony Allen ran back a kickoff 99 yards) and close in (Joe Steele slammed over from one yard out). The Huskies also had a

small edge in total yardage (281 to 249), but the game belonged to the Panthers, 26-14, as they hounded the Huskies by picking off three of their passes and falling on three fumbles. Pitt scored after four such turnovers.

1. USC (6-0-1)
2. BYU (6-0) 3. STANFORD (4-2-1)

MIDWEST Big numbers. Lots of them were generated as Southern Cal beat Notre Dame 42-23. The two teams combined for 1,126 yards in total offense in 164 plays, almost 6.9 yards a try. Charles White scored on four short runs for USC, which had 280 yards on the ground. And Paul McDonald tacked on 311 yards by being on target with 21 of 32 passes, two good for touchdowns. Pulling down eight of those throws for 149 yards was Dan Garcia. The Irish, who churned out 535 yards, were led by Vagor Ferguson's 185-yard rushing effort.

"Before the game, I felt like a man hanging on a cliff with somebody stepping on my fingers," said Oklahoma State Coach Jimmy Johnson. The Cowboys kept their unbeaten streak alive, though—by winning the pregame coin toss for the sixth straight time. But then Nebraska stomped all over Johnson's fingers, winning 36-0. The Huskers, the mightiest offensive unit in the land with an average of 523.5 yards a game, passed and ran for 596 yards. Their defense, which has also done a job, yielded only 116 yards and ran its scoreless streak to 13 quarters. Kenny Brown became the first Nebraska wideback in modern times to rush for more than 100 yards, picking up 111 in the Big Eight matchup.

All of the many offensive sets tried by Oklahoma during the first half at Kansas State were unproductive. By the time intermission rolled around, the Sooners had rushed for a mere 89 yards and trailed 6-3. Then, as Oklahoma Quarterback J. C. Watts put it, "We went out and danced with the lady that brought us." That lady, otherwise known as the white-bone attack, enabled the Sooners to win 38-6, their runners rockin' and rollin' for 256 yards in the last two periods. Bruised in cartilage restricted Billy Sims to 67 yards, but the slack was taken up by Watts (118 yards), second-string signal caller Kelly Phelps (112 yards in eight carries) and freshman Fullback Stanley Wilson (75 yards in nine cracks).

With Art Schlichter running for two touchdowns and passing for 150 yards and two more, Ohio State whipped Wisconsin for the 20th time in a row, 59-0. A herd of tailbacks, led by Cal Murray with 135 yards, gained 258 of the Buckeyes' 374 ground yards.

Michigan remained in a tie with Ohio State for the Big Ten lead, breaking open a scoreless game at Illinois with two third-period touchdowns. By the time the final gun sounded, Butch Woolfolk had scored three times and the Wolverines were 27-7 winners.

It seemed fitting that all three touchdowns

during Purdue's rather prosaic 14-7 win at Michigan State were produced by players named Smith. Wayne Smith got the Boiler-makers going when he scored on a 42-yard interception return. Jimmy Smith made it 14-0 with a one-yard plunge. And the Spartans

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Charles White, Southern Cal's six-foot, 185-pound senior tailback, ran for a career-high 261 yards, scored four times and caught three passes as the Trojans exploded for a 42-23 victory over Notre Dame.

DEFENSE: Skip Porter, Yale's 6' 1", 210-pound senior linebacker, made eight tackles and set up two touchdowns by returning interceptions 11 and 21 yards, all of which helped the Elis knock off Columbia 37-7.

avoided a shutout, scoring with 34 seconds left on a one-yard smash by Steve Smith.

Floyd of Roseville, the 44-year-old, 155-inch-high bronze pig that is the game trophy, stayed in Minnesota after the Gophers left Iowa wallowing, 24-7. Mark Carlson of Minnesota built the eye of 17 passes, six of them to Elmer Bayley for 158 yards and two touchdowns.

Not even a 24-0 Ball State lead could deter unbeaten Central Michigan. As Gary Hogeboom passed with precision, Marty Terry did much of the catching. Wifre Todd scored on two short runs and Novo Bogovic booted a 20-yard field goal with eight seconds left; the Chippewas won 31-30.

1. NEBRASKA (8-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (5-1) 3. OHIO STATE (7-0)

SOUTH For almost three quarters, Kentucky dominated LSU, leading 19-3 on the scoreboard and 316 yards to 104 in total offense. The Tigers, however, salvaged a 23-19 SEC win by scoring on three of their next four possessions.

Because Amos Lawrence was ailing, Doug Paschal moved from fullback to tailback, gained 117 yards, scored three times and earned North Carolina past North Carolina State 35-21 in an ACC contest. Wake Forest, off to its best start (6-1) since 1944, beat Maryland 25-17 behind the passing of Jay Venuto 20 of 37 for 250 yards and two touchdowns. Dale Castro of the Terps ran his string of successful field-goal tries to 13 by kicking three.

Auburn continued its high-scoring ways with a 38-14 victory at Georgia Tech. On the Tigers' first play from scrimmage, James Brooks racked 68 yards for a touchdown. He scored another in a 175-yard day.

1. ALABAMA (6-0)
2. FLORIDA STATE (6-0) 3. TENNESSEE (4-2)

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Rising from the ashes

Down 3-1 in the World Series, fired-up Pittsburgh burned Baltimore in seven

Baltimore Rightfielder Ken Singleton had backed up as far as possible in his futile pursuit of the soaring fly hit by Willie Stargell, and as it passed overhead he made a last desperate leap. But the ball and the Orioles' salvation were beyond reach, and Singleton was left there, hanging onto the fence for an instant in an attitude of despair. It was one of those frozen moments that occur so often in sports events as compelling as the World Series, moments when a single player can portray in a gesture the event itself—Carlton Fisk anxiously twisting his body as he watched his homer twist ever so close to the Fenway Park foul pole in 1975, Yogi Berra caught up in Don Larsen's arms in 1956. And so Singleton hanging there forlornly on the fence in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium embodied all that had happened to his team, because this was a Series that got away from the Orioles as surely as Stargell's homer eluded their rightfielder.

Leading three games to one with two of the three possible remaining games to be played at home and with their ace starters, Mike Flanagan, Jim Palmer and Scott McGregor, reasonably rested and ready, the Orioles contrived to lose three in a row to a Pittsburgh team that came dramatically to life after a fumble-fingered start in the Series. In truth, the Pirates won the world championship more than the Orioles lost it, beating Baltimore's best pitchers and holding its hitters to only two runs in the final three games. The Pirates triumphed because of the superiority of their bats and their



As the Orioles went down, Takabe went up, rejoicing in a triumph his relieving made possible.

bullpen, and the Orioles, who thrive on the long ball, came up short when they most needed runs. Because this was a Series in which designated hitters were disallowed, the Orioles, who are accustomed to having a DH, were at something of a

disadvantage. Their regular designated hitter, Lee May, had himself been in a dreadful power slump—only two homers in his last 40 games—so it is difficult to determine how deeply his loss was felt. Nonetheless the DH rule did have a tell-

continued



Stargell's final-game homer was the clincher.



The key moment of Game 6: Garcia mishandles a potential DFP ball.

ing—if indirect—effect on the outcome because relief pitching is stressed more in the DH-less National League, and the Pirates' superiority in the bullpen was a significant factor.

But none of this was immediately apparent when the two teams headed back to Baltimore for Game 6. The Maryland weather, which had been arctic the week before, had turned positively balmy. Temperatures were in the 60s when the teams took to the Memorial Stadium turf on Tuesday, with John Candellaria opposing the formidable Palmer. Candellaria, who was pitching with a sore rib cage, survived six scoreless innings before handing the ball over to Kent Tekulve, the scarecrow of the bullpen.

The Pirates could only scare up four unimportant hits off Palmer's crackling fastball and assorted breaking pitches through the first six innings. Then, with one out in the seventh, Pittsburgh's Omar Moreno singled to right and Tim Foli hit a bouncer up the middle that Palmer barely ticked with his glove. Shortstop Kiko Garcia was virtually standing on second base when the deflected ball

reached him. Distracted perhaps by the incoming Moreno, he attempted to start a double play by fielding the ball on a difficult hop, but he lost it. It was scored as a hit. Garcia was in the game because Oriole Manager Earl Weaver had opted for offense in the concluding games of the Series, and Garcia had had six hits to that point, compared with none for Mark Belanger, the veteran defensive genius. Garcia did get a single this night, but his possibly forgivable misplay of Foli's double-play ball had dire consequences. Dave Parker, the next hitter, launched a hard shot that "knuckled" away from Second Base—man Rich Dauer for another tainted hit. Moreno scored and Foli advanced to third. Foli then came home on Stargell's sacrifice fly to left. The Pirates scored two superfluous

runs in the eighth, making the score 4-0, and Tekulve's maddening sidearm sinkers kept the Orioles in check the rest of the night. So the Series was even at 3-3.

Baltimore did at least score in the seventh and deciding game—on Dauer's line-drive homer off Jim Bibby in the third. Then in the sixth, Stargell's two-run homer left Singleton hanging on the fence, and the World Series was, for all practical purposes, over. Stargell had been badly fooled by McGregor's off-speed pitches in two previous times at bat, but he was having such a splendid Series that he got hits both times, a bloop single in the second and a bloop double in the fourth, both to leftfield. "That gentleman," said the gentlemanly Stargell of McGregor, "is one of the best pitchers in baseball. His ball was riding in on me, and I was leaning over the plate too much, tying myself up." He consulted Pirate batting coach Bob Skinner between his second and third at bats and was advised to stop hitting so much off his back foot and to be more patient against McGregor, who throws slow stuff. It proved to be sound counsel. Besides the homer, Stargell hit yet another double, in the eighth, wound up 4 for 5 for the evening, set a record for extra-base hits in a Series (four doubles, three homers) and nailed down the Series' Most Valuable Player award.

The Pirates added a conventional run in the ninth on Phil Garner's double and Moreno's single and an unconventional one when, on successive pitches, Parker was hit by Tippy Martinez and, with the bases loaded, Bill Robinson was hit by Dennis Martinez. Tekulve put the Orioles to rest in their half of the ninth to ensure the 4-1 win.

The Pirates had brutalized the supposedly superior Oriole pitching for 81 hits in the seven games. Stargell and Garner each had 12, and Moreno, whose slow—1 for 10—start hampered the team and earned him the appellation "Omar the Outmaker," finished with 11, while Parker and Foli had 10 apiece. The Pirates' batting average of .323 was the highest for a winning team in a seven-game Series, and it was nearly 100 percentage points more than the Orioles' anemic .232. Strangely, the speedy Pirates, who stole 180 bases during the regular season, swiped none in the Series, which, of course, ties another record. It will be listed in the books opposite the Pirates' name, but it really should be attributed to

continued

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the strong arm and alert play of the Baltimore catcher, Rick Dempsey.

The Orioles got sorry production out of the bellwethers of their attack. Eddie Murray, who was on base seven of his first eight times at bat, was hitless in his last 21. Al Bumbry, the leadoff hitter, reached first only five times and hit an unimposing .143. Gary Roenicke, the big righthanded hitter who was expected to neutralize Pirate lefthanders Candelaria and Jim Rooker, was 2 for 16. And though Singleton batted .357, none of his 10 hits were singles, and he drove in only two runs.

Stargell, a towel draped around his neck and a bottle of Robert Mondavi 1977 Chardonnay clutched in his hand, was gracious in the press conference after Game 7. He felt compelled, however, to fend off some of the ribbing his team had been receiving in Baltimore for folksy referring to itself as a "family." One local columnist researched the matter and revealed that not one Pirate was related to another. "We're not trying to be

sassy or fancy," Stargell said in a quiet voice. "But we depended on each of the 25 men. There was a closeness. We worked hard, and we scratched and clawed together. We're a very loose ball club and we work like hell...."

At this point a member of Stargell's actual family, his sister, Sandra, rushed up and embraced him. When she released him after some whispered intimacies, he was mopping tears from his face with the towel. "We go out to have fun," he continued, weeping still. "You have only a few years to play this game, and you can't go out and do it when you're tied up. You come into the game without ulcers and you should go out without ulcers. I'm 38—39 in March. When I'm not willing to go to war every day, I'll step aside and let some youngster take over. Right now I'm one very proud individual."

Family matters aside, it was the Pirates' ability to hang loose when the situation seemed so desperate that enabled them to become only the fourth team to

win the Series after losing three of the first four games. Manager Chuck Tanner, a resolutely cheerful man, may be principally responsible for this attitude. Despite the win, it had not been an enjoyable week for him. His mother had died the morning of the fifth game, and he would return to Pittsburgh for her funeral after the seventh game. But he did not lose his composure, nor did his team.

"Every club he has ever managed has been like this," said Roland Hemond, a Chicago White Sox vice-president who is a friend of Tanner's, as well as a former employer. Hemond had come into the Pirates' relatively subdued clubhouse to offer congratulations to the winning manager even though he represented the other league. He found it hard to stint in his praise. "Some clubs are happy only after they win," he said. "Chuck's are happy on dog days or whatever. And running! He can make a slow club look fast. I tell you, he's revolutionized the game without anybody really knowing it."

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A few months ago, Muhammad Ali, who claimed he didn't want to fight anymore anyway, peddled his World Boxing Association heavyweight championship for \$400,000 and slipped into early retirement. Promoter Bob Arum made the payment to Ali for a reason: the champion's delay in picking an opponent for his next fight was costing the promoter a chance for some lucrative bouts in South Africa, which was im-

patient to have one of its white hopes, Kallie Knoetze or Gerrie Coetzee, emerge as The Great One's successor.

That was an appealing idea—if you happened to be a white South African isolated from reality. There were a few built-in problems. The largest, at 240 pounds, was, of course, John Tate, a nice fellow who operates like a bulldozer. Big John doesn't move very fast but he knocks down a lot of trees.

Tate's sledgehammer fists chased Knoetze from the title scheme with an eighth-round knockout last June in Bophuthatswana. Then last Saturday night, beneath a coal black South African sky dimpled by a single dim star, Tate dismantled Coetzee in Pretoria, winning a 15-round decision and the WBA title Ali vacated.

The nearly all-white crowd of 89,000 in Loftus Versfeld Stadium, the hallowed, velvet-turfed bastion of South African rugby, sat in silence as the verdict was announced. No one protested, not even the drunks. South Africans are hungry for a champion, but they can honestly assay a homemade hero soundly whipped, even after paying \$3.2 million to watch the whipping.

In a seeming burst of generosity the officials, by their scoring, made it appear to be more of a contest than it actually was. Carlos Martinez Casas of Argentina had it 148-145 for the 24-year-old Tate; Referee Carlos Berrocal of Panama, 147-144; and Ken Morita of Japan, 147-142. Many experienced ringsiders had it more like 148-141.

No matter. If Coetzee lost, South Africa still won. Or so some South Africans would have you believe. See, they say, we are letting a black man fight a white man. We are letting black people sit with whites inside our most sacred sports temple. We have changed; we are changing. We are being misjudged.

Had the fight actually been evidence of a change? Yes, a cosmetic change. "What does it really mean," said one black fan, "if for one night I can sit next to a white man when, after the event, he can go home to wherever he wants while I must go home to Soweto?"

Soweto is a 35-square-mile ghetto, the home of some 1.5 million blacks, who live there not by choice but by law. They are not citizens. They can never own one square inch of land. White children go to school free. Blacks must pay. One of the country's largest power plants is in Soweto, but most of the power goes to Johannesburg, which is 13 miles away. Fewer than 25% of the homes in Soweto

continued

Score one for the Creator

John Tate, who was created wholly by God, battered Gerrie Coetzee and his vaunted "bionic" right hand in Pretoria to win the vacant WBA heavyweight championship



Coetzee (left) figured to give Tate a better fight than Knoetze, but John was too big, too strong

eto have electricity. Even fewer have indoor plumbing.

The township is a malignancy neatly laid out in tidy rows of little brick houses. A few roads are paved, but most of them are dirt. At night a pull of coal smoke from cook stoves settles heavily over Soweto, symbolic of the prevailing aura of despair.

Protest in South Africa has a high price tag. Dr. Ntsho Motlana, a Soweto physician who is an influential black leader, continues to ignore the laws against speaking out, and he has paid dearly. He has been in Modderbee Prison and expects it to be only a matter of time before he goes back. He is "monitored" by the police constantly.

Motlana was amused when it was suggested that the Tate-Coetzee fight indicated a small change in South Africa's attitude toward blacks. "It means nothing. Tate means nothing," he said. "I am opposed to the fight, I won't go. I doubt if many blacks will go. There is no progress being made in this country. But I hope for the future, when enough pressure is brought by some of the Western countries."

At Tate's camp, set up in posh suburban comfort 10 miles outside Johannesburg, politics were for the moment set aside: Tate's fight was only with Coetzee. He had arrived in South Africa 12 weeks before the bout, weighing 255 pounds. His advisers had brought him in early from Knoxville, Tenn. to avoid anticipated anti-South African demonstrations in the U.S. (Larry Holmes, the WBC heavyweight champion, called him a "robot" for fighting in Pretoria.)

Once in the country, Ace Miller, Tate's manager, asked for films of Coetzee's fights for study. They were promised but never delivered. Finally, after days of protest and angry words, a single film was found.

"It was a highlight film," Miller fumed. "All it showed was Coetzee knocking people down. They didn't give us crap. They pull all kinds of stuff. They want this fight so bad they can taste it."

Soon things began to go sour in the U.S. camp. Tate peaked much too soon. On Sept. 5 he went 12 rounds, stopping all three sparring partners. "God, he's awesome," said Miller to trainer Donny Marshall. "But we've screwed up. He's ready to fight now."

They shifted gears and reduced Tate's training regimen, which in part explained the fact that at 240 he weighed 7 pounds more than he did for Knoetze. Two weeks later Tate came out of a sparring session with an injured left wrist. "It's those damn Joe Louis films," Marshall said. "I knew this would happen."

If Tate has a hero, it is Louis. Seldom does a day pass that he doesn't study at least one reel of one of the old champ's fights. Louis had a habit of posing for photographs as though throwing a left hook with a bent wrist, though he never threw it that way in the ring. A year ago Tate, in mistaken emulation of Louis, got into the habit of bending the wrist when he hooked, which puts an unnatural strain on the hand. Marshall even designed a brace to keep the wrist locked in training sessions. Tate refused to wear it. Finally, the wrist gave way. "I was scared to death," Miller said. "We had it X-rayed right away. But it was just a bad strain. We weren't going to let him fight injured." Treatment and rest took care of the tendinitis. Two days before the fight Dr. Robert Whittle, Tate's personal physician, pronounced the wrist as sound as ever.

Unworried, Tate had passed the days with his crew from Knoxville shooting pool, watching taped cowboy movies on a TV set, lolling in the sun and listening to Richard Pryor tapes or Con Hunley country and western recordings.

"He's so damn relaxed," said Whitey Webb, one of Tate's entourage. "We're all scared to death he might fall asleep at the fight while old Con's singing the national anthem."

While Tate was relaxing, Arum, who co-promoted the fight with Southern Sun hotels, was busy scheduling 10 title bouts over the next 18 months for South Africa. The country is a boxing promoter's gold mine.

For Tate-Coetzee, Southern Sun paid all expenses including the two fighters' purses: \$400,000 for Tate and \$300,000 for Coetzee. Arum received 40% of the live gate—after the hotel group deducted expenses—plus all television money. NBC, which telecast the fight live, paid \$400,000, and another \$250,000 came in from foreign TV rights. Arum's share of souvenir concessions brought him an additional \$250,000. "Can you believe

this?" he said. "From just the souvenir spinoffs I make a quarter of a million. That's more than I make on a whole normal promotion in the States."

In Coetzee's camp, set up in a Johannesburg firehouse, there was talk of the South African's speed, of Tate's using elbows or resorting to other equally foul tactics, and, of course, Coetzee's "bionic" vaunted right hand. Badly shattered in a fight in 1977, the bones of the hand had been fused by the ingenious insertion of eight metal pins, which were later removed. It was the hand that had knocked out Leon Spinks in Monte Carlo last June in a title elimination bout.

Said Hal Tucker, Coetzee's attorney and unofficial manager, "The other day we timed him in 50-flat for 400 meters. Now that's fast." One had to wonder if the South African was going to be in a fight or a footrace. Still, 50-flat is fast and more than a little improbable.

It was speed of both foot and hand that won the first three rounds at Pretoria for the 24-year-old Coetzee, who came in exceptionally heavy at 222. (He weighed 210 for Spinks.) Tate started slowly, which is his pattern, and in the third round took a big right hand to the head, which buckled his knees momentarily. Recovering quickly, he ripped a right of his own to Coetzee's jaw.

For Tate and his people, the South African's punch had answered the only question they were in doubt about. The bionic right was overrated. A confident Tate came out strong in the fourth round, carrying the fight to Coetzee, who suddenly had to discover if he could fight going backward. He could, but not very well.

Coetzee won the fifth round, but he was not to win another as Tate, who was beginning to work on the body, slowly wore him down. By the 10th round the fight had become so dull that only national pride was keeping the fans awake.

From that point Coetzee appeared to be confused. He looked to his corner for help. Over the last three rounds only his determination kept the fight going. Badly spent, he survived on courage.

And then, when it was over, Tate, now 20-0 as a pro since winning a bronze medal in the 1976 Olympics, mentioned something about fighting Larry Holmes. Easy does it. Give it at least a year, Big John.



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B Sedan, won pole, won race, set new lap record

June 30/Lime Rock Park (Conn.)/Datsun

B Sedan, won pole, won race

July 4/6 hr. Watkins Glen (N.Y.)/Porsche

1st in class, second overall

July 15/Brainerd (Minn.)/Datsun

C Production, won pole, won race, set new lap record

B Sedan, won pole, won race, set new lap record

August 4-5/Watkins Glen (N.Y.)/Datsun

C Production, won pole, won race

B Sedan, second on grid, won race

August 18-19/Summit Point (W. Va.)/Datsun

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C Production, won pole, won race

B Sedan, won race

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It's Portland cement

The Kermit Washington-led defense has paved the Blazers' way to a fast start

The Portland Trail Blazers' No. 2 physical-fitness zenlot rolled out of bed after a nap last Friday afternoon in Los Angeles and ordered his fruit salad to be served beside the hotel pool. But hadn't he looked outside? The sky was spitting cold rain, so 54-year-old Coach Jack Ramsay settled for rope jumping instead of his usual half-hour swim.

The Blazers' No. 1 physical-fitness zenlot, Kermit Washington, a weight lifting and swimming buff, had barely even been to bed. The Blazers had played in Utah the night before, after which Washington had stayed up late with his insomniac roommate, Jim Brewer.

When it came time to meet the powerful Lakers at The Forum, the Blazers—all nine—piled into a small van. "There are a lot of cities that would like to start a franchise with the players we have injured," said Forward Larry Steele.

Indeed, the Blazers rolled off without forwards Maurice Lucas (broken knuckle), Mychal Thompson (broken leg) and Bob Gross (bad back), and guards Lionel Hollins (strained knee) and Dave Twardzik (back spasms). That is most of the starting lineup of the 1977 NBA titlists, plus last year's runner-up for Rookie of the Year. Another starter from that championship season, Bill Walton, is, of course, gone, too. But because Walton is with San Diego, the Trail Blazers have Washington, who was awarded to Portland by Commissioner Lawrence O'Brien as part of the compensation for the Clippers' signing of Walton. There's no getting around it: the Blazers were 4-0 going into the game against the Lakers in large part because of Washington.

After Washington's superb defensive work helped stun the Lakers 99-82, Ramsay said that these Trail Blazers, patched up like a leaky dam, are "the best defensive team I've ever been associated

with." In their first six games, the unbeaten Blazers held their opponents to 84.5 points per game.

"We have unselfish players of good character working hard," says Ramsay, explaining his team's success. "We spend a lot of time practicing fundamental things."

In the L.A. game, Washington had 12 rebounds and two blocks, forced his man—Spencer Haywood—into 4-for-13 shooting and jumped off Haywood often enough to help Blazer Center Tom Owens cause Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to miss 11 of 16 shots.

"It's unusual for a forward to be the hub of your defense," says Ramsay, "but Kermit is. He's everywhere. I mean he's everywhere."

When the Lakers made a run late in the third quarter, Ramsay sent in Kevin Kunnert and the journeyman Brewer for Owens and Washington. He also inserted rookie Guard Jim Paxson and first-year Forward Abdul Jeelani into the lineup. The Lakers and their fans relaxed. "Hey, Jeelani!" one of the fans yelled. "Didn't your name used to be Dale Schleuter?"

No way, as Jeelani proved, flipping in an 18-foot jumper, driving for a three-point play and igniting a 17-3 Portland burst that put away the Lakers. What the 6' 8" Jeelani used to be was Gary Cole, and as Cole he scored 20.6 points a game at Wisconsin-Parkside a few years ago, before going to play in Italy and then arriving in Portland this fall as a free agent.

All the Blazers were elated by their win—except the unemotional Washington. As usual, his manner was detached, because he would just as soon be ignored for the rest of his career. At 28, in his seventh season in the league, he has had to live for two years with the aftereffects of the punch he threw on Dec. 9,

1977 that shattered the face of Houston's Rudy Tomjanovich. There were the sacks of hate mail, death threats, a 60-day suspension and a \$10,000 fine, two trades and a trial this summer in Houston that resulted in a \$3.1 million award to Tomjanovich and an out-of-court settlement between the Lakers and Rockets over the loss of Tomjanovich's valuable services.

Washington's personality is far removed from that of the violent thug he is often depicted to be. He is soft-spoken and well-read, a student of Oriental philosophy. That he is drawing attention as the Trail Blazers' main man is an idea he cannot, or will not, understand. He consented to an in-

continued

Washington (42) stymied his man and lent a hand against other Lakers



**In a world growing
more and more complex,
it's still possible
to think of
simple pleasures.**

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interview only because he would not read the story resulting from it; he says he has not so much as glanced at a newspaper or magazine since shortly after hitting Tomjanovich.

He calls the punching of Tomjanovich "the incident," and he prefers not to talk about it directly. "The incident made it hard for me," he says, "but it also made me a better person and player. Bad things seem to make things better than they were before."

Washington grew discouraged while he sat on the Laker bench for most of his first three years in the league, mainly because no one would bother to teach him how to play forward. He had been a center at American University in Washington, D.C. Finally, in 1976, Washington asked Pete Newell, the former University of San Francisco coach and the then Laker general manager, for help.

"Three days a week for the past four summers Mr. Newell got up at 6:30 in the morning, went down to the Loyola University gym and helped me become a better player," Washington says. "He showed me how to move my feet, how to play defense, how to rebound."

After the incident, the Lakers sent Washington to Boston, saying that he had no head for the game. Before last season he went to San Diego, where he finally found himself as a player—and nearly led the Clippers into the playoffs. Then O'Brien shipped him to Portland.

His home is still in San Diego, and so are his wife, Pat, and their two children. Meanwhile Washington is living in a Portland hotel; he'll probably stay there, because he says he cannot afford to buy a house. "All I do is practice, read, sleep, practice, read, sleep," he says.

He reads philosophy to help him keep basketball in proper perspective. "I need to," he says. "How many people in life have the advantages that athletes have? When you play pro basketball you live in a dreamworld. It's like a drug. When you're up, you can't get any higher, but when you're down, it can really take you low. My self-image became so inflated when I read what a good person and player I was that, after the incident, I was destroyed when I read that I was a bum. I thought about all the kids I had worked with and what they thought when they saw me do what I did. So I don't want any part of superstardom. None whatsoever. If my name never appears in another newspaper, I'll be happy."

DB



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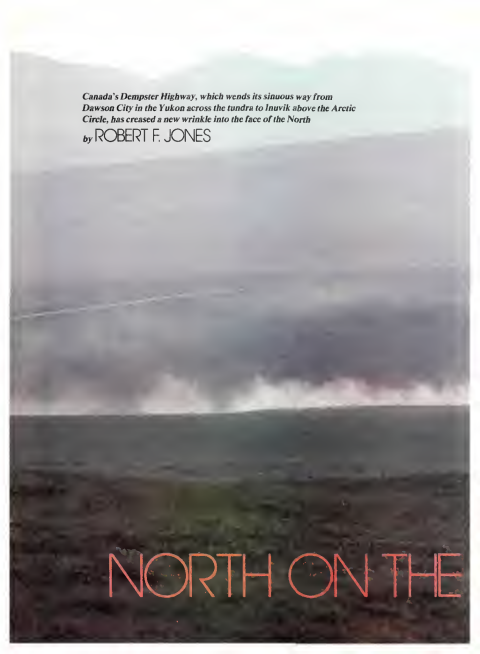


8 mg. tar

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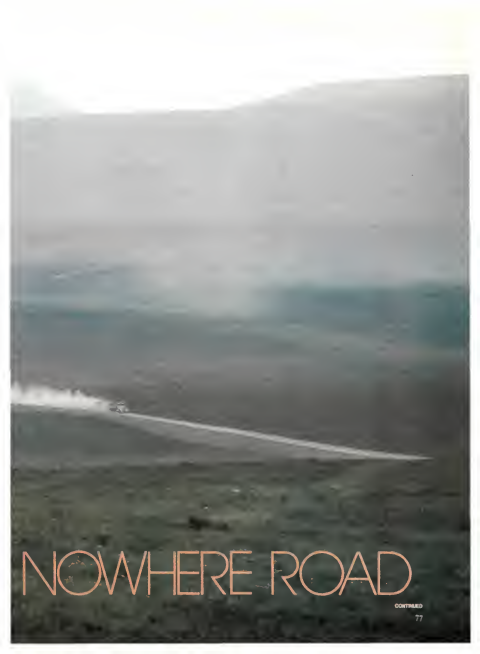
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A full-page photograph of a vast, misty landscape. In the foreground, a dark, textured tundra stretches across the frame. In the middle ground, a thin, light-colored road or path winds its way through the landscape, disappearing into the distance. The background is dominated by large, rounded mountains shrouded in thick, grey mist or low clouds. The overall atmosphere is somber and ethereal.

Canada's Dempster Highway, which wends its sinuous way from Dawson City in the Yukon across the tundra to Inuvik above the Arctic Circle, has creased a new wrinkle into the face of the North

by ROBERT F. JONES

NORTH ON THE



NOWHERE ROAD

CONTINUED

THE ROAD continued



The whistling jack stole, the marmot begged

ts detractors call it the Road to Nowhere—a tire-shredding, car-eating lizard track through some of the most inhospitable country on the planet. Its supporters see it as the final and most vital link in Canada's excellent 185,000-mile highway system—the first low-cost truck and tourist route connecting the populous southern tier with the romantic and oil-rich Arctic North. While environmentalists fret about the new road's impact on the delicate tundra it crosses,

hunters, fishermen and recreational vehicle enthusiasts worry that the magic of the landscape through which the route passes will disappear before they can get there. All are in agreement, however, that the 460-mile Dempster Highway—Canada Route 11—from Dawson City in the Yukon Territory to Inuvik in the Northwest Territories (see map, page 86) has, since its opening late in August, carved a whole new wrinkle into the face of the North.



It seemed like the end of the road for a disconsolate but unscathed Karin Runge, a German visitor, after her car flipped off the highway with a blown-out front tire



Motorists can get plain tired out after repeated encounters with rubber-eating arrowhead shale

The highway was the brainchild of former Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, whose Conservative government got the project under way in 1958. The Dief was a politician of vast—some Canadians say “overreaching”—vision, a Westerner to whom great distances and tough country only spiced the challenge to connect, relate, develop. Diefenbaker died only the week before the highway he had conceived was to open; his chair at the ribbon-cutting ceremony in Dawson

son was left symbolically vacant—just like the country his road had opened up. Dempster Highway is named for a corporal in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police—about whom, more later—but it might just as well have been called Dief’s Deepfreeze.

In the course of its sinuous, deceptively well-graded length, the road traverses two major mountain ranges—the Ogilvie and the Richardsons. By bridge or ferry, it crosses eight rivers, some benign and some downright murderous: the Klondike, the Blackstone, the Ogilvie, the Eagle, the Rock, the Peel, the Arctic Red and the MacKenzie. There is no pavement. The road builders took their makin’s from whatever source of rock or gravel lay on either side of the route. Much of it is a dark-gray shale that, when pulverized for road-surfacing purposes, reduces itself to razor-edged arrowheads. This shale seems to come equipped with an appetite for rubber: it finds its way into tire treads, point first, and after a few bumps penetrates the casing. With the incessant whine of mosquitoes and blackflies in summer and the banshee howl of 50-knot winds in all seasons, the hiss of yet another deflated tire has become a familiar sound along the Dempster. The all-class record for flats is currently held by a man from Saskatchewan who towed a fifth-wheel trailer north on the Dempster early last summer. By the time he reached the government highway maintenance camp at Mile 122.5 on the Ogilvie River, he had sustained 18 flats and was out of patches.

If the shards on the Dempster’s surface only lay in wait to ambush tires, that would be bad enough. But they also have an active mode of attack. Slung from the treads of passing vehicles, they can put a hole through a windshield or a headlamp as neatly as a rifle shot. Clear-plastic headlight guards are mandatory in the Yukon, and the wise driver will also mount a heavy-gauge wire-mesh screen on his front bumper to protect both the windshield and the radiator. Gas tanks are prone to rupture under the assault of the heavier rocks thrown up by one’s vehicle, so it’s a good idea to strap a rubber mat or a few slabs of old truck tire under the tank. Hazardous though it may be to carry canned gas-

oline in a car, no one should attempt the Dempster without at least a 10-gallon reserve, along with a minimum of two spare tires and a few extra quarts of motor oil. Emergency rations, water, plenty of bug spray and heavy sleeping bags are also necessities.

An abundance of wildlife—moose, caribou, Dall sheep, eagles, falcons and bears of all persuasions—is one good reason to risk the hazards of the Dempster. But the animals are a danger, too. The road crosses the last major sanctuary of the Barren Ground grizzly. During the highway’s construction, one surveyor



Clumps of fireweed brightened up the tundra

saw his assistant waving madly in the distance. Looking up on his transit, he spotted a grizzly chasing the man. Fortunately, a helicopter pilot also noticed the chase, fired up his chopper and spooked the bear away. The natives of Inuvik still talk about the motorcyclist who was snatched from his bike and eaten not long ago. “Just outside of town,” they say. “On the easy part of the road.” Even the lowly black bear, normally a retiring sort in the lower latitudes of its range, is by all accounts an aggressor in the North Country. Bull moose—particularly during the rut—have been known to charge cars head on, apparently with mating-season mayhem in mind.

Considering all the dangers, it was with no small amount of fear and trembling that Photographer Bill Eppidge and I set out from Dawson City late in August for the 920-mile Round Trip to Nowhere. Though the weather was excellent—temperatures in the mid-70s and a China-blue sky dotted with saucer-shaped, fair-weather clouds—we knew we ran the risk of snow in the northerly

continued



THE ROAD

continued



Gold Rush relics in Dawson: bank where Robert W. Service worked and paddle-wheeler S.S. Keno

Richardson Mountains. Last year an 8-inch "freshest" of snow hit the Richardson during the last week of August. Even a spot of rain on the clay road surface up here would be bad news, because in the wet, even with four-wheel drive, you cannot go faster than 40 mph without spinning, and to drive slower could mean bogging down. But by traveling the road in this season we would be likely to

miss the scourge of insects—mosquitoes, blackflies and no-see-ums—that make camping in the summer North a foretaste of hell. Swarming bugs have been known to clog the throats and nostrils of caribou and moose, suffocating them. Mosquitoes can literally bleed a man to death in short order. My favorite insect story is one told by Ed Ogle, a veteran journalist who has seen more of the

Despite a unique igloo church, Inuvik was an entelesthetic terminus, because of its "new" city aura.



North over the past 20 years than any dozen Mounties. "I took a picture of an Indian girl water-skiing near Inuvik on the MacKenzie River," he recounts. "She was probably the first person ever to water-ski north of the Arctic Circle. When the film was developed, the girl looked like she was covered with hair—some sort of waterborne Sasquatch. Under the magnifying glass I could see that the fuzz was mosquitoes."

After gassing up at the service station situated at the point where the Dempster takes off north from the Klondike Highway, we stopped on the near side of the Klondike River to savor the scene. The Klondike rolled past, strong and blue-green over big boulders, and an immature bald eagle screamed from a snag on an oxbow bend. The road, empty and yellow under the sun, shot straight north through dense, green-black spruce forest toward the bare, blue crests of the Ogilvie. Behind us, surrounded by miles of rocky rubble—tailings piles created by the big dredges that took more than \$500 million in gold out of this land, beginning with the Klondike Gold Rush of 1897-98—lay the dubious comforts of Dawson City (pop. 857). Dawson boasts Diamond Tooth Gertie's, the only gambling hall in the Yukon; turn-of-the-century gaslight follies at the Palace Grand Opera House; rickety-pastel-painted buildings dating from the Gold Rush; a splendid museum; and Robert W. Service's cabin, where his "ghost" reads the great man's verse at 10 a.m. every weekday morning.

Dawson wisely has preserved the Canadian Bank of Commerce building, on the shores of the Yukon River, where Service worked as a teller. Gold lovers can tour the vault in which the dust of the ancients was once kept. Parked on the river beside the bank is the S.S. Keno, one of the last of the paddle-wheelers that once plied the Yukon, carrying supplies and would-be Argonauts into the Klondike. But the true gold digger of the North Country is the ubiquitous raven, revered in Indian mythology as the creator of the earth. He is a bold, fearless, clever bird who enlivens his mornings with the degradation of garbage cans and double-team plays pulled on dogs. One raven will sit on a house roof while another lures the dog away from its food dish.

continued

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THE ROAD

continued

Then comes chow time for all but the pooch.

Dawson also has "O.P. rum," a 150-proof general anesthetic and memory eraser that could be used to good effect in tranquilizing angry grizzlies. The place was just winding down from Discovery Days, its annual summer blowout commemorating the date—Aug. 17, 1896—when George Carmack and his fishing partners, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie, struck pay dirt on Bonanza Creek and triggered the rush. The whole town had a hangover. It would be good to head north into empty, boozeless country, bears or no bears.

At least one traveler shared our sentiments. Trudging up the road behind us, a small pack slung over his shoulder, came a short, wiry man with the forward-leaning, stumpy-legged walk of a woodsman. He spoke with a heavy Central European accent. His name, he said, was Marco Kennedy and he needed a lift to Inuvik. He had temporary work as a welder awaiting him there. He wore faded-green army fatigues, a scruffy beard, a leather bracelet studded with .22-caliber bullets, a sheathed hunting knife at the small of his back, a pop-art gallery of tattoos on his thick forearms and a mottled, purplish-red shiner under his right eye.

"Sure. Hop in," I said.

As we rolled north with the Klondike flashing through the spruce off to our right, Marco lamented the alcoholic atmosphere of Dawson (Dahv-son was his pronunciation) during Discovery Days. "Is drunk out all time, day and night," he said. "No time to get sober. No sleep. Too many fights. I was at party with friends, and stranger come in, we give him to drink, and he try to steal a butcher knife from kitchen. My friend Jane—she work at the bakery in town, across from post office, you know?—she try stop him. He try hit her. I go up to him and he hit me in eye."

"That's how you got the shiner?"

"Right," said Marco, grinning, showing a gap where his front teeth used to be. "But I



Wandering Marco, a Czech who checked out.

give him one, too. We take butcher knife back."

Marco, who is 36 years old and whose real surname is Hampel—"I always play cowboys and Indians when kid, so my friends call me 'Kennedy,' the only American name they know"—is an escapee from Czechoslovakia. In the course

of our two-day journey north to Inuvik, he cautiously opened up about his earlier life. Born and raised in Prague, he began reading Jack London's books as a boy and developed a fierce desire to get to the Klondike. He belonged to a street gang that called itself the Tramps, the members having read London's book about hobo life in the 1890s. In 1966 Marco tried to slip across the Czech border to freedom but was caught and spent two years in prison. He got out just before the 1968 upheaval that saw Russian tanks invade Prague to put down the "liberalism" of the Dubček regime. In the chaos that prevailed, he made it across the line into Austria, and from there to Canada.

"I got job in Winnipeg on auto assembly line," he says, "but after a week I could not stand it no more. Went to work at a sawmill and made money enough to head up north to Whitehorse. Whitehorse was nice town then—small, real, no motels, no tourists. Now Whitehorse finished—too slick. I head up to Dahv-son five years ago. Got me a little cabin on Hunker Creek." He shares the place with seven sled dogs—wolf and Malamute crosses—behind which he

mushes up and down the frozen rivers during the winter in a manner that would do London proud. (In point of fact, London passed only one winter in the Klondike, and spent most of that indoors listening to sourdoughs spin their yarns and filing away material that would later become such books as *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang*. But don't tell Marco that, or you'll disillusion him.) The leader of Marco's dog team is named Sundance—"dumb, but a good puller," he says apologetically. Last February, one of his bitches whelped nine pups. "Was 70-below outside when she borned them—70-below for three straight weeks. No wind. Clear sky. Stars growing from roof. Smoke barely clear the stovepipe before it collapse. I build a igloo for the pups, but still five of them died." He pauses. "Just as good they die that way. I not

continued

Neryaso, 84, says that the *Tale of the Mad Trapper* is no fish story.



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have enough to feed them, and I not like to drowned them."

Marco hunts his own meat—moose, usually by drifting the rivers in a canoe, bear, when he sees one; once a caribou far up in the Ogilvies. He uses either a 30/30 Marlin or, preferably, a 303 Enfield—"his harder, and shells don't cost so much," he says. He snares snowshoe hares and ptarmigan. During the salmon run he strings a gill net in the Yukon River or in the Klondike, which empties into the Yukon on the outskirts of Dohvson; last year he killed 500 dog salmon to feed his team, and a few king salmon for himself. "I have enough kings so I can sell some," he says. "You know restaurant in Dohv-son called Midnight Sun? They serve fresh king salmon. They buy from me for \$1 a pound, sell for \$9 a steak. Is criminal, but what can you do?"

Marco's life isn't all hunting, trapping, scavenging for berries and mushrooms, running traplines or gill nets. He spends some of his time cutting the five cords of firewood he runs through his stove—a former 55-gallon oil drum rigged out with legs, door and flue—each year and some painting landscapes, taking photographs with a 35mm camera, making jewelry and tattooing people. "I do good work," he says, talking of his tattoos as he rolls up his sleeves to show his craftsmanship. "Use hand needle, not the electric. Get better colors that way, more shades, more subtle."

During the long hard winter, Marco, like most people who live in this icebound land, spends a lot of time reading and sleeping. Wake up at about 11 a.m., with the sunrise, and feed the dogs, chop wood, eat a big breakfast. Then back to bed for a two-hour nap. Then maybe read a bit. (Literacy, it seems, improves with latitude in North America.) Then chop more wood, cook supper, eat feed dogs, back to sleep. Once, dur-



Bald eagles were a favorite sight

THE ROAD

continued

ing his first winter in the Klondike, Marco decided to walk into town for the mail. It was a warm day—clear, windless and a toasty minus 30°—so he wore only mukluks, longhandles, Levi's, woolen pants, wool shirt and down-filled parka. On his hands he had cotton gloves covered with fur mitts. He picked up his mail and then bumped into some friends who bought him a few beers. By the time he left town for the eight-mile hike back home, it was 3 p.m. and the sun was setting. Not that it ever really rises during midwinter in that latitude, at best it barely eases, pink and tiny, above the horizon to render a few brief, weak hours of light. "Halfway back I find I have to—you know—get rid of that beer," Marco says. "Is very cold. By time I get my gloves off, my hands too numb to work zip-

per. I get it open, though, and do the job. Then my fingers too numb to close zipper. I walk on best I can. When I get to cabin is dead dark, iron cold outside. I cannot fit key in lock—you damn American locks so hard to turn? I figure I'm finish now. Finally, I remember stick hands in arm-pits, warm them up. Barely get lock open. Build fire. Safe."

By now we have left the upper Klondike and climbed out of the spruce forest into the foothills of the 4,000-foot Ogilvie Range. The bare, blue mountains slope up from sparsely wooded stream beds—small spruce and quaking aspen, just beginning to go golden with the onset of fall—into high, dry sheep country. Off to the left rears Tombstone Mountain, a bleak shah. As Marco talks and I translate inside my head, I've adhered to the unwritten rule of this road: don't drive faster than 40 mph and watch out for sharp stone. Now the road looks so smooth and gently bended that I unconsciously pick up the pace. We are perhaps 60 miles from the Klondike crossing when the Dempster Rattlesnake strikes. Pop. Hissssssssss.



Gretter and Marco adorn this truck log, which marks the Arche Circle

continued

GLIDES OVER THE PALATE WITH NARY A RIPPLE.

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THE ROAD

continued

It's the left rear tire—a heavily treaded, 10-inch-wide Goodyear Tracker AT, fine off-the-road rubber for our Ford Bronco, but a sucker for this highway's sharp teeth. The gaps in the tread are wide enough to allow the bigger pieces of shale in. We pull over on a wide spot in the road. There are not very many of these, the road being, for the most part, shoulderless, having been built up six feet on a steep berm above the surrounding tundra.

As Marco and I change the tire we notice a plume of dust rising fast on the hilly horizon. It's a tanker truck, at speed. "Let's get this bastard lugged down!" The wrench spins like an airplane propeller, and we take off just as the truck tops the ridge behind us, the driver not backing off a bit, though we can see him looking at us through the flash of his windshield. We pour down through a chain of sweeping esses into a valley drained by the Blackstone River, and as we climb up the far side the truck falls far behind. We begin to relax and settle back into the steady, sub-40 pace. I notice that one of my knuckles is red and black—a nick from a tire lug. We top a gentle rise, and on the left as we start down a straightaway, we see a small car lying on its back in the tundra, its front wheels still turning, catching the light. A pretty blonde young woman stands beside the car, her blue eyes wide with shock, her mouth limp. A tall man is moving behind the car, a yellow Fiat 128. "We're all right," says the woman in a monotone as I stop the truck. "It just happened."

The car reeks of gasoline; the pale fluid is still gushing down into the overturned body of the Fiat, and we help the young couple drag their gear out of harm's way, first making sure that the ignition switch is off. Boxes of food, sleeping bags, a tent, air mattresses, bottled water, warm beer, fishing tackle—we stack it all at the road's edge. Blackflies swarm around us in a nipping cloud, buzzing our eyes, our ears, our noses. Marco points to the raw black groove in the tundra cut by the couple's car as it did its half-somersault off the road; the moss and lichen are peeled back as neatly as the skin on my knuckle was when I hit the tire lug.

"Blackfly like fresh dirt," he says. "Maybe they come to the cool."

By now two other cars have stopped, and together with their occupants, we push the little Fiat back onto its wheels. At least the gasoline has stopped flowing. I hear the gurgling roar of the tanker truck coming up on us and run back up on the rise to flag it down. Maybe the crew can radio for help.

"Sorry, pal," says the truck driver once he has stopped. "We're in a blind spot here—no radio contact until we get to Mile 90, up the road a piece. Anyway, it would cost them \$400 to get towed out of here."

We check out the car's engine and it seems to be undamaged, although the top of the car is six inches lower than it was a few minutes ago and the windshield has popped out and shattered.

The blonde woman's name is Karin Runge. She and her companion, Hans Peter Boehme, are visitors from Germany. They have driven the Fiat all the way from Vancouver—2,770 miles—without incident. "And now this happens," says Karin dully. "The car is ganz kaputt." She was driving when it happened. The left front tire blew; the car lurched to the left, carrying the left side of the front end over the steep berm. Leverage did the rest, as neatly as a judo master.

"Just wait until the gas dries out," the truck driver says. "You've got food and water and it's a nice day. If you can't get her started, I'll be back through this evening and give you a lift back to Dawson." In the North, people take care of one another. If you see anyone stopped on a road, you stop and ask if they are all right. It works both ways.

From the accident scene the road begins a slow, steady climb into

the Ogilvies, a beautifully engineered stretch that rises only 30 feet to the mile and needs no switchbacks. The mountains, small by Western standards—only 4,000 feet at their tallest—begin to shoulder in. It's dry, wind-sculpted sheep country with eerie erosion pillars called hoodoos sprouting from the mountainsides. We stop to pick some low-bush cranberries and blueberries and take a beer break. Looking up at one ridge ragged with hoodoos, Marco says, "Like a ruined castle." It would come as no great surprise to see a mail-clad monster rise from behind the shattered towers.

We cross the Ogilvie River, flowing in from the west clear and fast and seeming with Arctic grayling. There is a highway maintenance camp at the crossing that sells gas, for \$1.60 an imperial gal-



lon, and repairs tires, but it closes at 5 p.m. and we are already later than that. We don't need the gas, anyway; there is a station at Eagle Plains, an hour and a half north, where we plan to stay overnight. We stop at a likely looking eddy on the Ogilvie and rig up a fly rod. In Alaska the grayling love black gnats, and I tie on a No. 16. The first cast into the eddy's edge produces a rolling strike—the grayling's lavender-and-black-spotted dorsal showing like a sail as it hooks up. This one is a jumper, as are the four others I take on subsequent short casts. Five fish on five casts. Virgin waters. We wonder how long it will last.

A hunting ban has been imposed in a corridor that extends five miles from either side of the Dempster in the Yukon Territory, four miles in the Northwest Territories, but fishing is permitted from roadside. The hunting ban means, in effect, no hunting at all for Dempster travelers: the country is so boggy—and buggy—that if you were to kill a moose or a caribou outside the corridor, you could never get it back to the road before most of the meat spoiled. Driftling the Ogilvie River, though, could be very productive for both hunting and fishing. From the point where it crosses the Dempster, the Ogilvie and the Peel River (which it feeds) flow some 700 miles to the next road crossing, at the Peel River Ferry on the Dempster. Four hundred of those miles are white water; there is game all through that country and fish at every drop of the fly.

But we push on up the road, the Ogilvie River sloping off to the east and the highway climbing out of the sculptured valley onto a high, spruce-grown, featureless erosion plain. We are now north of the line where the great icy backhoe of the last glaciation did its work: this land is in virtually the same shape it was at the beginning of the Pleistocene. Off in the distance, in the late, slanting light, something big and silver gleams. When we come up on it, it proves to be a series of disused tanks, which had stored diesel fuel while the highway was being built. "Gnirbage," says Marco disgustedly. "Government say it clean up. Never does."

Toward dark, at a point 231 miles north of the Klondike Crossing, we come to the Eagle Plains Hotel, a new, well-ap-

pointed 32-unit lodge complete with restaurant, cocktail lounge, country music on the jukebox, television and a full-service gas station, where I drop off our punctured tire for a quick patch job. The lobby and lounge walls are hung with photographs illustrating the two great legends of this country: the Lost Patrol and the Mad Trapper of Rat River. Over a cold beer and a hot meal, Marco fills me in on them.

The Lost Patrol was a team of four Royal Northwest Mounted who were depured to carry the mail from Herschel Island in the Beaufort Sea, via Fort McPherson on the Peel River, to Dawson in the winter of 1911. They didn't get far. Following a dispute with their Indian guide over wages, Inspector Francis J. Fitzgerald, the patrol's leader, decided that his team should find its own way south from Fort McPherson. The party got lost in the brutal cross-hatch of mountains near the Hart Divide on the Little Wind River, west of Eagle Plains. With temperatures ranging down to 80-below and food running out, the men ate their dog team and then resigned themselves to death. They wrote their last wills and testaments and froze, except for one man who shot himself, perhaps to resist the call of cannibalism. In late February of that year Corporal W. J. D. Dempster of the Mounties was ordered to find the lost patrol. That he did on March 22, after a feat of tracking and trading through wicked weather that has rarely been matched. Jack Dempster lived to a ripe old age, but not long enough to see the highway named for him open to softies like us.

Marco is not much moved by the tale of the Lost Patrol. The tragedy of the Mad Trapper, though, excites his imagination, and indeed it is a story that London would have loved. Albert Johnson, a looser and a trapper, showed up on the Rat River northwest of Fort McPherson in the fall of 1931. He was a small, blond man, only 5'9" and 150 pounds, but a tough one. He built a cabin, set his trapline and stayed clear of other people—a fairly easy matter in the almost empty Loucheux Indian country. In December of that year, an Indian named William Nerysoo complained to the Mounties

that Johnson was springing his traps and hanging them on trees, and a patrol was sent to question Johnson. He welcomed the Mounties with gunfire, and a six-week chase ensued, punctuated with four fire-fights at 40-below that left one Mountie dead and three wounded. Johnson, after being dynamited out of his cabin, took off for the Alaska border several hundred miles away across the Richardson Mountains. He stayed clear of the passes through those bleak 6,000-foot peaks and—wearing snowshoes that weighed 10 pounds apiece and toting a 200-pound pack, along with three guns—scaled the Richardsons and was descending toward the Indian settlement of Old Crow before the Mounties caught up with him on an oxbow of the Eagle River. It was only by using an airplane—a Bellanca piloted by World War I hero "Wop" May, who together with the R.C.A.F.'s Roy Brown shot down the Red Baron—that the Mounties got their man. Even then he died hard. Hit six times by bullets as he lay in the snow at midriver, Johnson returned the Mounties' fire until a seventh slug severed his spine. His death photograph—a face grimacing with pain and defiance—adorns the wall of the Eagle Plains cocktail lounge. In his pock when he died were a dead squirrel and a dead whiskey jack—his meal for that night, had he lived. We were eating roast beef.

"He was not mad," says Marco. "He only want to be left alone. I know the feeling. That was some man, that Mad Trapper. They should name the highway for him." We retire for a nightcap in the Spike Millen Cocktail Lounge, which is named for the Mountie constable killed by the Mad Trapper.

The next morning we push off through the Richardsons: dreary, windswept, rolling country reminiscent of the Scottish Highlands, the stomping grounds of the tundra grizzly and the Barren Ground caribou. A few thickets of spruce and dwarf willow clog the few creek bottoms, and red-stalked fireweed blows its "Arctic cotton" from seeps and springs on the gray-green-purple hillsides. Some 20 miles north of Eagle Plains is the Arctic Circle, marked here by a huge truck tire painted orange and mounted on an A-frame. The tire is covered with graffiti scrawled by the venturesome few who

continued

have made it this far north on the Dempster. One sample reads:

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We tape a bottle of Labatt's Blue beer to the post, labeling it: FOR EMERGENCY ONLY. YUKON ORANGE JUICE.

From here north by east to the Peel River ferry crossing the country is so huge and naked, so tough and cold—even under bright Arctic sunlight—as to subdue conversation. Only our dust plume, quickly dissipated by the wind, marks the fact that we are actually here. I try to imagine crossing this wasteland on 10-pound snowshoes in the dead of winter, a dead squirrel and a whiskey jack in my pocket—impossible. Then, at a spot where the road widens at the top of a flat ridge to provide an emergency landing strip for light planes, we see something alive—a big black bear standing about 200 yards off the road in the midst of the tundra. We stop and stare at the bear. He stays back for a minute or two, then swaps ends and gallops back down the bare mountain the way he had come, awkward and swift in the same instant. We watch him diminish to a black dot on a gray screen.

"What was he doing here?"

"Traveling," says Marco. "Like us. Bears like to get out and around, see the country, move."

Actually, apart from the bear, this section of the road proved disappointing when it came to readily viewable wildlife. Except for the odd, cracker-crunching marmot who invaded our campsite at every stop, the wheeling, white-rumped flight of bald eagles over every bald peak; and, of course, the inevitable Canada Jay (or whiskey jack, or camp robber—same bird regardless of name, each as pugnacious as the last—one of whom made so bold as to perch on my head during one stop) there was little to see but tundra, rock and hard-blue sky.

Now the Dempster begins its long, looping slalom run down to the Peel River drainage, and soon we are back in thick, short spruce forest. The Peel was, until mid-July of this year when the fer-

ry began operating, the end of the line running north on the Dempster. We wait on a crudely graded ramp for the ferry to cross the deep, green water. There is an Indian fishing camp here, and slabs of pit meat are air-drying on wooden racks. The smell of smoked fish and diesel exhaust fills our truck. On the far side of the crossing we take a break. An old Indian is mending a gill net beside the landing. Tethered huskies bark and snap beside the smoke rack.

The old Indian turns out to be William Nerysoo, who had blown the whistle on Albert Johnson 48 years before, thus triggering the hunt for the Mad Trapper.

"Oh, yes, I used to hunt and trap all this country when I was a young man," he says, his smile showing that he still has all his teeth. "I'm 84 years old now, but the country has changed less than I have. I used to take my wife and kids with me up over the Richardsons in the winter, hunt and trap around the Eagle River country. Had a team of five or six good dogs. When I had enough meat and furs, I'd leave the family behind and mush over the Ogilvies down to Dawson. It was 1914 or '15 that I first saw Dawson—a nice little town then, nice people. I'd sell my meat and furs and buy clothing for the family, then sled back up the mountain."

"Albert Johnson? Oh, yes, I was on the hunt for him. Quite a man he was. Led us a hard chase, he did. Why he should have made such a fight of it, no one will ever know. The Mounties never found out who he was and where he came from." The old man sells us a side of smoked whitefish and we prepare to push on. I wish him another 84 years of good health. "Oh, not that much, I'm afraid," he says, laughing. "I've got another 10 to go, anyway. That ought to be enough for one man."

The country between the Peel and MacKenzie rivers—some 50 miles of it—is thick spruce forest pocketed with small, clear, bog-edged lakes that look like good water for northern pike. The road has a caked-mud feel to it. Given a splash of rain, it could be slip-sliding-away country. The ferry crossing at the confluence of the MacKenzie and the Arctic Riv-

ers has an aura of civilization. At the far side of the mile-wide river, as we ready the truck for the final, 70-mile dash on the smooth, well-settled road into Inuvik, a Delta taxicab pulls up. The driver, a beautiful Indian girl in a sealskin coat, gets out and carries two cases of beer to the ferryboat. Marco and I look at each other and burst out laughing.

After all those miles, all that emptiness—a taxicab lugging beer!

Inuvik is more anticlimax. A "new" city built by the Canadian government to expedite oil exploration in the MacKenzie Delta and offshore in the Beaufort Sea, it has shops, bars, hotels, elegant restaurants, an Alcohol Information and Rehabilitation Center—along with plenty of reeling drunks to justify its existence—and a church built like an igloo. Now and then a striptease artist from Edmonton flies in to liven things up on an evening. Eppridge and I decide to spend just one night here and then push back south. That empty country is calling. We'll camp along the Ogilvie for a few days, try some new flies on those grayling, perhaps prow the dry mountains in search of sheep sign. The ferries across the MacKenzie and the Peel will be open until freeze-up, sometime in mid-October. There's plenty of time, and plenty of country.

"So you're off to do some welding," I say to Marco as we go our separate ways.

"Yes. Dawson is getting too crowded," he says. "I earn some money, enough to buy me a ketch. I go and sail in the South Sea for a while. I think. Like Jack London."

Some days—and only one more flat—later, having caught our fill of grayling and seen our fill of country, which has a sprinkling of snow on it as we ease down out of the Ogilvies, we drive back into Dawson City through a sun-shower. I stop the truck in the midst of the tailing piles that flank the town and—sure enough—there's a rainbow. The boulders of the tailing piles are glistening in the late light like dark gold. The rainbow arcs up from Bonanza Creek, out toward the Ogilvies and the Richardsons, up toward Inuvik. It is an apt symbol: a link between the riches of the past—gold—and the Eldorado of the present—oil. But it is the link itself, the nowhere in between, that is truly beautiful.

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Reminiscence

by MILT HOPWOOD

FOOTBALL PARLAY CARDS PAVED THE ROAD TO RICHES—OR (GULP) TO TIBET

For several football seasons I have missed something that annually went hand in hand with autumn afternoons, press releases on the mighty eleven and the AP and UP Top 20—the football bet card. From the first kickoff of the season until the last bowl game, the football bet card was an indispensable piece of equipment for would-be gamblers. I haven't been able to locate any lately, though, and this reflects a remarkable triumph for law and order. Have the nation's police managed to shut off the plus-six, minus-three and, even, 10 bucks for \$1 if you pick four out of four correctly? It disturbs me to live through another season without measuring the skills of Utah State vs. Wyoming plus four; Army plus 35 vs. Notre Dame; TCU vs. SMU plus three. I am nostalgic for the days when my world teemed with football cards and my involvement with them was fraught with trauma.

In 1936 when I was a sophomore at the University of Illinois, a senior fraternity brother asked me to help him peddle football cards around the campus. I was often broke and there was a 10% commission, so I grabbed the opportunity with alacrity.

He and I dashed from fraternity to dorm to locker room to barber shop and campus hangout, taking bets from 25¢ to \$1 on four, six, eight, 10, 12, 15 and 20 games.

The payoff was \$10 for \$1 if the better picked four winners out of four games, and graduated to riches beyond contemplation for greater numbers of correct selections. We never worried about our part in the illicit scheme because we were only the salesmen and printed on each card was the legend: "For news information only." We were home free with our commissions because "Chicago" paid off and the disclaimer about

information set our minds at ease about trouble with the police.

"Chicago" paid off after Monday verification, and each Tuesday, with our commission heavy in our pockets, we began collecting quarters, halves and dollars for the upcoming week, blissfully unaware that we were breaking nearly every gambling statute in Urbana—not to mention Champaign, Champaign County, the State of Illinois and the entire U.S. as well.

We were as indiscriminate as we were innocent, and we counted among our customers a law professor, the assistant dean of men, an inebriate Spanish instructor, several football players and even a few members of the university police force. We were thrilled with our riches because our spare time was netting us \$35 to \$40 apiece per week, truly magnificent incomes. Neither of us was able to select winners, but we did so well on our betting business that we didn't even try very hard.

The mechanics of our operation were simple. Before 5 p.m. on Friday, we would hurry to the Western Union office in downtown Champaign and wire all the bets to a Chicago address. "Chicago" stipulated that the time stamp on the telegram must read 5 p.m. or earlier.

Once the message was carefully dispatched, we returned to the Deke house, had dinner and began a delightful football weekend.

On Saturday afternoons, as the scores poured into our ears by radio, we pored our cards quickly and efficiently. Be-

cause a loss or a tie eliminated a bettor, we usually had reduced the winners to a meager list in a few hours. By nightfall we had the East, Midwest, Mountain and West Coast results, and the losers were legion. About \$60 went to the winners.

One Friday evening, we arrived at the Illinois Central station's Western Union office, purchased a money order for \$749.50, wired the bets and prepared to live it up that night. We could afford it. Each of us had realized \$37.47 for just a few hours of work. As R. Browning said, "All's right with the world." We had been a few minutes later than usual at the WU office, but we were unconcerned. No biggie.

Our pleasure during the early hours that evening was forever clouded by subsequent events. I returned to the house to discover a message in hand-printed letters telling me and/or my frat brother to call the Western Union office. I called with trepidation.

The message, droned by some sleepy night clerk, was: UNABLE ACCEPT RECEIPTS ARRIVED HERE FIVE-FIFTEEN STOP. GOOD LUCK. Ten words whose meaning was simple: You boys are booking this week's bets.

I tried to sleep. Impossible. Visions of bettors demanding thousands of dollars disrupted any possibility of rest. What if there were 30 winners? Or 40? Or 50? Or 60? My partner slept not a wink. This was normal for him, though, as he was an insomniac.

We discussed several alternatives during that long night. We could go to sea. We could always enlist in the Lincoln Brigade on the Loyalist side in Spain. We might go into the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps). Or we could run—and run and run.

Early Saturday morning my associate called his father as a last resort, hoping he could offer us an alternative. My colleague carefully explained our lapse, and made light of the fact that we were 15 minutes late. His father had a message for us. Good luck was the best he could do.

Breakfast and lunch were tasteless. There was a miserable rain falling in Memorial Stadium, and Southern Cal



continued

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deepened our gloom by whipping the Illini 24-6. We slogged back to the Deke house to begin the countdown on the termination of our college careers.

Citified, wet and zombie-like, we went through the motions of checking the cards while listening to the radio, recording the scores germane to our project. We quickly eliminated many broken dreams, but we needed a key Eastern score to determine whether we would rejoin the living or be forced to seek sanctuary in a Tibetan monastery.

The University of Pittsburgh boasted the East's finest team, coached by Jock Sutherland. It was described as a juggernaut and was heavily favored to sweep its schedule.

The previous Saturday, Pitt had beaten mighty Ohio State, and this week the Panthers met Duquesne, a cross-town school that had an enrollment of 1,300. At least nine-tenths of the betters' cards had picked Pitt to slaughter the Dukes.

At approximately 4 p.m. the local announcer, amid a jumble, tows, of strange-sounding Eastern university scores, intoned: "Duquesne 7, Pittsburgh 0." He hurried on with his interminable list of games and scores without comment.

Shocked and shaking, we flipped through the betting cards with glee, tossing away all with a Pittsburgh selection. After tabulating each card, our glee turned to joy. We had a total of \$18 in winners! Our one \$10 winner had not wagered on Pitt.

After deducting the cost of the ill-fated telegraphed money order, each of us had a profit of more than \$350! We were wealthy. In fact, in those days, we were filthy rich. My wad went toward an exceedingly riotous celebration, and then to practical things—future school expenses, a new suit and a topcoat.

The Sunday Champaign News-Gazette sports pages carried an AP story with a Pittsburgh dateline informing us that George Matsik, a 170-pound substitute junior halfback, had run 72 yards around right end for the Duquesne touchdown and that Boyd Brunbaugh had added the PAT to give the Dukes the 7-0 victory over the most powerful collegiate team in the nation.

I resigned from the football-betting-card sales staff the next day, Oct. 18, 1936. And ever since that weekend I have had a soft spot in my heart for George Matsik, Boyd Brunbaugh and dear, dear old Duquesne.

END

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Grand Macnish Sports Flashback

NEW YORK, 1969—As the Super Bowl champion New York Jets prepared to meet the Miami Dolphins for the seventh time in league competition, it was to mark the end of one reign and the beginning of another.

The Jets had dominated Miami in six previous engagements, winning them all. But this was to be New York's last big season before a new coach and new personnel would make the Dolphins the first dynasty of the '70s in the American Football Conference of the NFL.

The Jets would again top their division this season, only to lose to Kansas City in the inter-divisional playoffs. They would finish the regular season with a record of 10-4. Miami would wind up 3-10-1.

Matt Snell, the only Jet to have scored a touchdown in New

York's upset of the decade over Baltimore in the previous Super Bowl, pulled on his helmet as he looked over the young, inexperienced Dolphins taking the field on this blustery day in Shea Stadium. This would be the last time that Snell would face the Dolphins in New York.

The Jets expected another easy afternoon. Over on the other side of the field, the attitude was different.

Manny Fernandez, a second-year tackle from Utah who carried 280 pounds on his 6-foot-2 frame, was the young leader of the Miami defensive corps, and he was firing them up for a spirited effort against the Jets. "You can't let Snell get away on the sweep," he warned.

Early in the game, Snell took a pitch-out and picked up his blockers for a sweep to the

right side, but he was met at the line of scrimmage by the quick moving

Fernandez.

"Nice hit, kid," Snell smiled. "Where did you come from?"

"Utah," Fernandez cracked. "And the name is Fernandez."

Snell would remember the name, along with the rest of the football world, because Manny Fernandez was to become the first name in Miami's new "No-name Defense," the scourge of the NFL in its time.

Snell was having a good first half, and he got away from fast Manny a couple of times for key gains. But the Dolphins were fired up. And before the end of the first half, Fernandez plowed into a Jet running back and produced a fumble, which Miami turned into a touchdown. They led at halftime, 21-10.

As the third period began, things got even hairier. Snell, on an option play, lofted a pass over

the outstretched arms of the charging Fernandez to set up another TD, which Snell himself punched over from the one—Fernandez hanging on his heels.

They battled into the final period, and the score was tied 34-34, before Snell rammed over a goal to put New York in field goal position. The attempt was good as the Jets finally pulled it out, 34-31.

"I would have gone all the way a couple of times if it weren't for Fernandez," Snell remembers. "He was one of the quickest defensive tackles I ever saw."

"On the pass option, Fernandez surprised me. He almost blocked it. I'll tell you, I'd like to play that game over again."

"I'd like to play it over again, too," smiles Manny. "This time we'd win it. Most of us are younger than Snell is."

Over the years, Matt and Manny have seen eye to eye on very few things. Grand Macnish Scotch is one of them.



MATT SNELL



MANNY FERNANDEZ



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Working Smarter

WALTON

Sir

I've been a Bill Walton fan for about seven years. I have a collection of books, magazine and newspaper articles, videotapes and other things about him—more than 1,000 items, a 60-page list—but I have never read a better article on Walton than John Papane's *Climbing to the Top Again* (Oct. 15). Thanks.

CRAIG SHERMAN
Montgomery, Ala.

Sir

You reminded me that Walton of UCLA at 20 years of age was sophomore.

PHILIP QUALL
Monroe, Wash.

Sir

What's your infatuation with Bill Walton? He hasn't played basketball for a year and a half, yet he's on your cover! Lenny Wilkens has coached the Sonics for the last two years and has been in the finals both years. He should be on the cover.

KEVIN GILGRIE
Everett, Wash.

Sir

With all due respect to Bill Walton, I thoroughly enjoyed John Papane's coverage of an even greater phenomenon—the Grateful Dead.

MICHAEL J. MANNA
Glen Head, N.Y.

GREAT WHITE HOPE?

Sir

I'm not in the habit of writing letters to the editor, but reasonable and sensitive people need to speak up. The expression "Great White Hope" stems from the era of Jack Johnson. Lately I have seen it repeatedly in print, and most often it is used by sportswriters—constantly, boringly, extraneously. And there it is in paragraph six of your article on Larry Bird and Earvin (Magic) Johnson (Two for the Show, Oct. 15).

I live in the area of the country that calls the SuperSonics the home team. The population of the Seattle area is more than 92% Caucasian. I believe the Sonics have three or four white players on their 11-man roster. That's regional imbalance, or some such garbage. What's more important is that we love our team, revere our NBA championship and respect the players, who are men first and basketball players second. As for color, who cares? Honestly, one doesn't hear it mentioned. So who's perpetuating racism, the writers or the fans?

JAN ARTHUR ROJSE
Olympia, Wash.

RUSSELL AND DRYDEN

Sir

There is a noteworthy coincidence in your Oct. 8 issue. In his *BOOKTALK* on Bill Russell's autobiography *Second Wind: The Memoirs of an Opinionated Man*, Jonathan Yardley quotes Russell, "Every so often a Celtic game would heat up so that it became more than a physical or even mental game, and would be magical. That feeling is difficult to describe, and I certainly never talked about it while I was playing. When it happened I could feel my play rise to a new level. It came rarely, and would last anywhere from five minutes to a whole quarter or more. Three or four plays were not enough to get it going. It would surround not only me and the other Celtics but also the players on the other team, and even the referees."

A bit further on in the same issue Ken Dryden (*A Game In Search of Some Contexts*), writing of his Montreal Canadiens, says, "We are a team that has 'those nights,' those nights when the game finds a level you didn't know existed. Those magic nights when everything you do and everything the guy next to you does—when everything the team does, works. On those nights, we know we are part of something special."

When one stops to think about it, Dryden and Russell share more than just this extraordinary experience. Both are sensitive, thinking men. Both were key figures on unselfish teams that totally dominated their sport. Both retired before they actually "had to," choosing to go out on top. And both have witnessed the denigration of their respective sports. Neither professional basketball nor professional hockey can currently be called the epitome of a crisp, clean team game.

Basketball has badly missed Russell and everything he represented; hockey will feel the loss of Dryden. It remains to be seen whether adequate replacements can be found.

SLAN PETER KIRBY
Dunkirk, N.Y.

GIANT FRUSTRATIONS

Sir

AWWW c'mon, Paul Zimmerman, the Giants won, big deal! *AWWW c'mon, Ray, the Giants Won! Give Us a Smile*, Oct. 15! It's first article on the Giants in I don't know how long and you let the most inept, egotistical management in sports off the hook. The Maras—Wellington and Tim—have blatantly abused football's most loyal fans for too long. At least your article focused on the problem: the owners are in the catbird seat.

ERIC B. LUND
Slatkington, Pa.

Sir

Big deal! Ray Perkins got the Giants a win that seemed long overdue. Everybody gets a break once. The real question is, Can Perkins lead the Giants to a winning season and possibly a wild-card playoff spot? Only time will tell, but Maras beware. We Giant fans haven't discarded our 15 years of LOSLY FOOTBALL! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH T-shirts.

WARREN ROSENBERG
New York City

Sir

Go Big Blue! Please tell Paul Zimmerman that his article on the New York Giants was as accurate as a Joe DiMaggio extra point (when-ever he gets the opportunity to kick one). As for the Giants and their fans, we shall overcome.

STEPHEN J. MACHOWSKI
Cumberland, R.I.

A&M VS. MIAMI

Sir

I've just finished reading Tom Archdeacon's article about a fine football team, Florida A&M, and a fine football coach, Rudy Hubbard. Being black and a resident of Florida, I am proud of FAMU's achievements, but I have some problems with the Rattlers' victory over the University of Miami. One problem is that I am a former Miami football captain (1973) who supports the Hurricane program and works toward making it a better one. A second problem is that I think many people have already blown this particular Rattler victory out of proportion.

At this point, Miami has a poor football team. We are young and inexperienced, although Coach Howard Schnellenberger gives the program stability. This current crop of Hurricanes has not yet learned how to win games, whereas FAMU is a defending national champion.

FAMU, in fact, did beat a Division IA team, a task comparable to Lehigh beating Penn State or Chico State beating USC. The difference is that Miami is now a school with the posture of a loser trying to rebuild. Florida A&M is capable of beating other Division IA schools, but the Rattlers are not ready for the big time. They beat Miami by three points (because Miami missed a 20-yard field goal) and outgained the Hurricanes by only 16 yards.

When this season is reviewed we will see that a great Division IAA school beat a Division IA school that will finish with a 3-8 or 4-7 record.

Congratulations, FAMU, but calm down. FRED ROSS
Miami

continued

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<u>Major assemblies covered</u>		
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Transmission	YES	_____
Front Wheel Drive	YES	_____
Rear Wheel Drive	YES	_____
Steering	YES	_____
Front Suspension	YES	_____
Brakes	YES	_____
Electrical System	YES	_____
Air Conditioner	YES	_____
<u>Additional Coverage</u>		
Honored at over 15,000 dealers in the U.S.A. and Canada	YES	_____
Rental car allowance for any warranty condition requiring overnight repair	YES	_____
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Fire on the earth earth earth earth



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19TH HOLE *continued*

LOYALTY

Sir: Regarding Douglas S. Looney's account of the LSU-USC football game (*Nearly a Vale of Tears*, Oct. 8), it is apparent that LSU's fans are very loyal to their team. However, when Looney states, "Nowhere are the rooters as loyal in defeat," I must point out the University of Wisconsin fans.

Since 1970, despite an overall 42-51-5 record, Budger football fans have averaged 69,004 per game—among the highest in the nation. And this year, despite a 2-4 start, they are averaging more than 74,000 per game.

It's easy to be loyal during the good times, but Budger fans have shown their worth by backing their team win or lose, and that's what it's all about.

JEFF SCHWANTES
Burnsville, Minn.

Sir:

I don't question the loyalty or spirit of the LSU fans, but a better case can be made for the long-suffering Tennessee Volunteer partisans. Over the past two years, Vol fans have suffered through a lousy 9-12-1 record, but home attendance has averaged 83,534 in a stadium that seats 80,250. Keep that Volunteer loyalty in mind as you watch the bowl-bound Vol reassert themselves this year.

ROBERT P. CLARENCE
Knoxville, Tenn.

• See page 55.—ED

AROUND DAHU

Sir:

Kenny Moore is a superb writer! As I read and re-read *Hawai Five Double 0* (Oct. 8), I again completely relived the race: the anticipation at the start, the long hot runs, the fun and fellowship of being with a wonderful group of runners, the humor of Leon Henderson and the antics of Harvey Shultz and the very deep feelings of sadness when it was really "all over." I am looking forward to the next long, great run somewhere in the world, staying in shape and standing by. And just to keep the honeymoons going, I'm getting married again, in Las Vegas next month!

ED SHAFFER
Pan Am Captain, Restored
Walterboro, S. C.

Sir:

Rudy Dressendorfer, varsity baseball player, class of '60, C. K. McClatchy High School, Sacramento, where are you? Thanks to Kenny Moore, now we know. We also know about some dumb race that only affluent Americans with nothing better to do can enter for fun and frolic. Loved the article, but then, I love trivia!

MICHELLE GARRABINO
Goleta, Calif.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020

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24 EPA*
EST
MPG **38** EST
HWY
MPG

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23 EPA*
EST
MPG **38** EST
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MPG

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That's why, this year, many people are turning to Zephyr Ghia for the economy and the elegance they like.

23 EPA*
EST
MPG **38** EST
HWY
MPG

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23 EPA*
EST
MPG **38** EST
HWY
MPG

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It's no wonder all Capri models are so exciting when even the standard 1980 Capri will get your driver's blood pumping.

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23 EPA*
EST
MPG **38** EST
HWY
MPG

*Compare this estimate to the estimated MPG of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. California estimates lower.



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